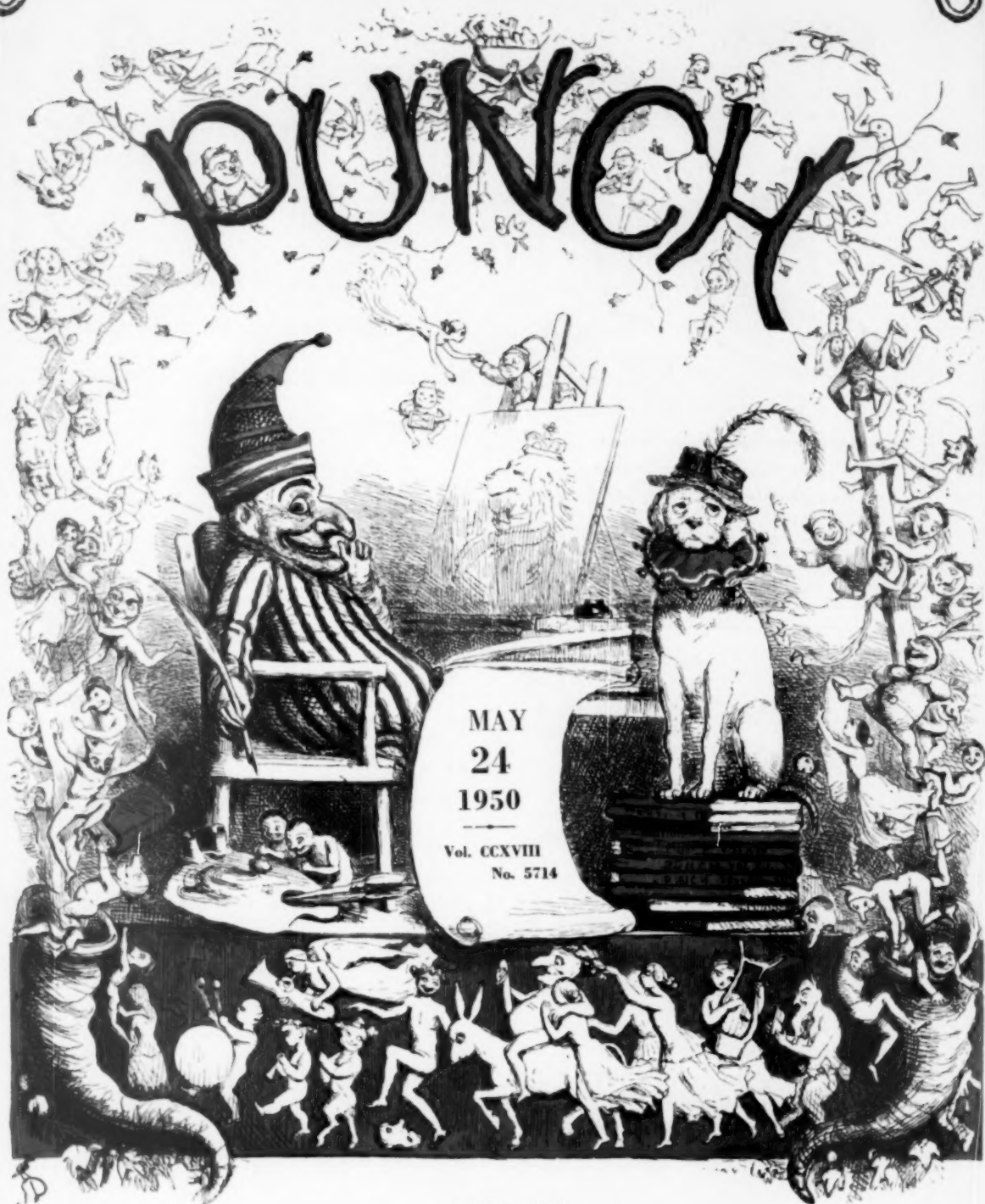


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PUNCH OR THE LONDON CHARIVARI—WEDNESDAY, MAY 24 1950

6^p

MAY
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1950

Vol. CCXVIII
No. 5714

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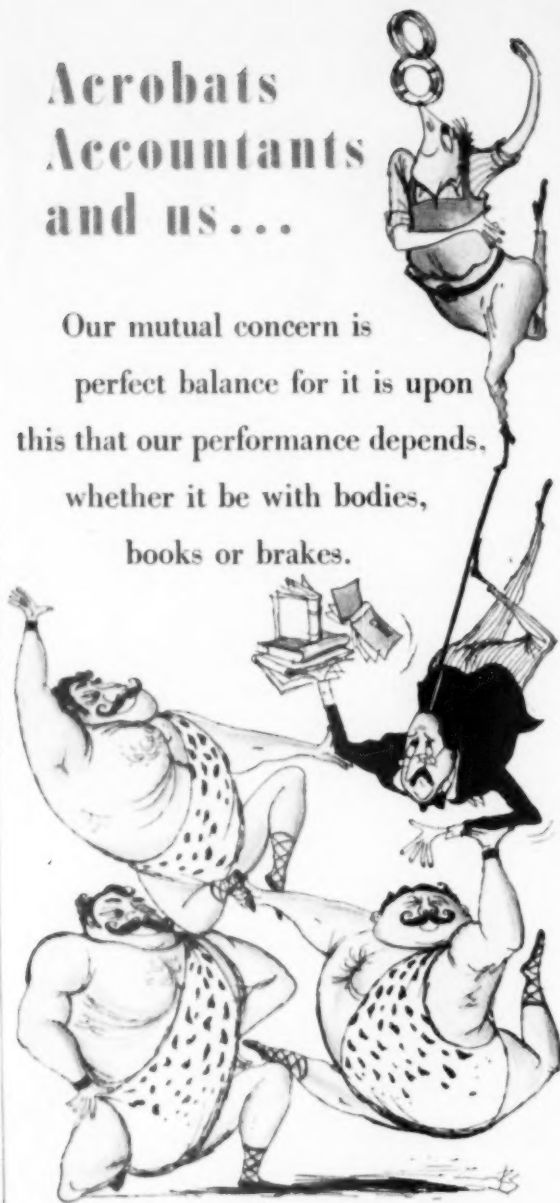
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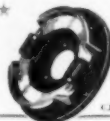
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Now, as always, the best is worth waiting for. Insist on waiting... for fabrics and garments with the Day & Night Label...



WILLIAM HOLLINS & COMPANY LTD.

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Established 1784

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** saves the face
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The lotion in Ingram's prepares your skin for the shave while the lather softens up the bristles—it saves your face from razor-drag the whole shave through. Try an Ingramshave today, you'll find it cool, and what a comfort!

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If moths get into your drawers and cupboards now it may cost you pounds. The eggs they lay soon hatch into greedy, destructive grubs, ruinous to wool, fur and fabrics. For a few shillings you can keep moths away all the year round; just put a MOTHAK on every hanger and some in every drawer. MOTHAKS have a pleasant smell.

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THE IDEAL
PACKING
FOR ALL
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3/- Each

15/- Per Packet of 5 CIGARS

ACTUAL SIZE
4 1/2 INCHES

When
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"Getting a bit thin on top, Sir"
start using

Pears NUTRILINE



THOUSANDS of men have
learned to use Pears
Nutriline regularly, with
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For Nutriline is remarkable.
A Nutriline massage tones
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Price 2/9 and 4/9.

If your hair is thinning—
use
NUTRILINE
now!



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SCREWS WITH PHILLIPS
RECESSED HEADS**

*Available in
a complete range
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THE PHILLIPS HEAD
The special driver mates perfectly with the recessed head and cannot slip. There is no risk of injury to the operator or damage to the article. This makes for faster, more efficient work with less strain on the user. Power driver bits as well as hand drivers are available for Phillips Heads.

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Screw Division: Box 24, Heath St., Birmingham, 18.

SPHILLIPS/NPK/2902



Wherever there's

NOISE

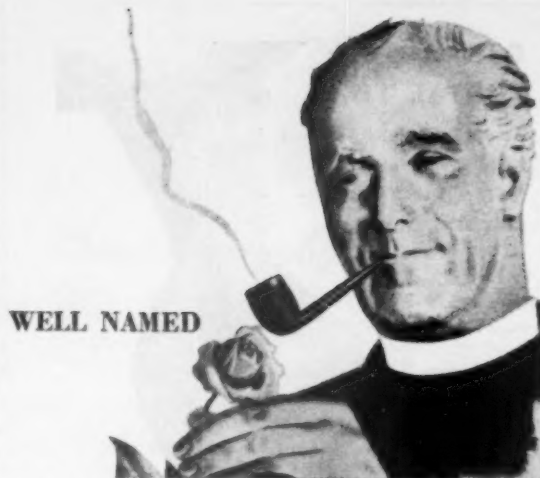
there's the need for a . . .

BURGESS Acousti-Booth

★ Ever felt awkward on the telephone? Ever been unable to catch the caller's name? Ever made the excuse that the line is bad? Of course you have! Knowing all the time that the real cause of your telephone helplessness is noise disturbance at your own end. A small percentage of telephone users are not troubled with this problem as they have already installed BURGESS ACOUSTI-BOOTH. Small percentage? Yes—in relation to the number of telephone subscribers—but Burgess Acousti-Booth users total over 5,000, with the figure increasing every week. Write for Bulletin BP. 131.P.



**BURGESS PRODUCTS
COMPANY LIMITED**
ACOUSTICAL DIVISION, HINCKLEY, LEICS



WELL NAMED

Even in the rush of duties that these days bring, I find a little time to attend to my roses. This new variety of mine has been as constant a source of pleasure as the tobacco I smoke. When cut, it lasts extraordinarily well and carries a satisfying fragrance. What do I call it? With such qualities as these, what else but 'Three Nuns'?

Three Nuns

"Right ahead to be sure!"

Wellington's words at the height of the Battle of Waterloo, when indicating the direction of the enemy forces to an officer who had lost his way in the confusion.



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**FOR STEEL TUBES AND
STEEL TUBE FABRICATION**

HEAD OFFICE & WORKS · GREAT BRIDGE · TIPTON · STAFFS



But THIS is History!

A FAMOUS DUKE OF GLOUCESTER (1743—1805) had a short way with history—and with the most eminent of historians:

“Another damned, thick, square book! Always scribble, scribble, scribble! Eh! Mr. Gibbon?”

In our place and age Associated Electrical Industries make bold to “scribble, scribble, scribble” a few figures. And they are well worth recording, well worth remembering: figures that make sense in the industrial history of today.

WHAT does it ADD UP TO ?

Annual output	£50,000,000
Amount spent on research every year	£1,000,000
Square feet occupied by research	600,000
Men and women in largest factory	18,000
Men and women in smallest factory	100
Total number of employees	53,000

It all adds up to **AEI**

Associated Electrical Industries

And just what is AEI? It is the parent company of many of the greatest producers of electrical equipment—all names you will recognise in the list below.

The British Thomson-Houston Co. Ltd.
Metropolitan-Vickers Electrical Co. Ltd.
The Edison Swan Electric Co. Ltd.
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The Hotpoint Electric Appliance Co. Ltd.
International Refrigerator Co. Ltd.
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Premier Electric Heaters Ltd.



S(HWEPP)IGRAM No. 18

Said my bookie: look,
I've brought my book

Will you write me
something in it?

Said I: of course;
and I wrote: old horse,

There's one born
every minute

schweppervescence lasts the whole drink through

a man's shoe
by **joyce**
CALIFORNIA



GLOVE . . . One
of several styles
in tan calf, suedes
and two tone

60/3.



"— Men's joyces — now I
know what the women have
been raving about."

"Yes, the comfort from the
first time on is almost unbelievable."

"Wish Bill Joyce had put them on the market sooner."
"Better be thankful that he did, that's mercy enough."

created for comfort by **Wm Joyce**

Write for address of nearest stockist to —

JOYCE (CALIFORNIA) LTD., DEPT. P.3, 37-38 OLD BOND STREET, W.1.



John's starting out in the World . . .

He's earning his living and he's got to find his own feet. What an advantage it is for him to have the Y.M.C.A. where he can meet his pals and join in the games and hobbies he likes. And what a comfort to his parents to know that he spends his spare time in a friendly, wholesome atmosphere among the right sort of people!

Many a young man entering the Forces or starting a civilian career finds lasting personal friendship and spiritual support in the Y.M.C.A. But the need for its service grows daily greater.

Please send the most generous donation you can afford to help the Y.M.C.A. to extend its work.

*Donations may be sent to
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Athlone, K.G., G.C.B.,
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War and National Service
Fund: 112, Great
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Y.M.C.A. WAR AND NATIONAL SERVICE FUND
(Registered under the War Charities Act, 1940)

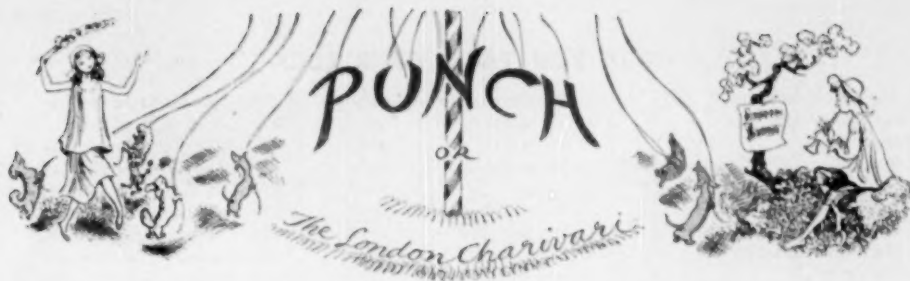
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Just honest-to-goodness
tobacco

Plain or cork-tipped
'Greys' will always appeal
to those smokers who ask
of a cigarette that it shall
be pleasant and satisfying.

Lined by Godfrey Phillips Ltd





CHARIVARIA

Drobny and Czernic, the Czech tennis stars, are now representing Egypt in major tournaments. Doubtless they regard themselves as ceded players.

A French visitor points out that twentieth-century Britain has not had to submit to the violation of her soil. Hasn't he forgotten our opencast mining?

"Pleading guilty to travelling on the railway at Elm Park, Patrick —, R.A.F., stationed at Hornchurch, was fined £1 at Romford Court at Thursday." — *"Hornchurch and Upminster News"*

That'll teach him.

All's Right with the World

"SCHOOL DENTISTS GET STOP-GAP JOBS."
"Daily Express"

The P.M.G. promises a greatly improved telephone service from kiosks in time for the 1951 Festival. This should silence those who deny that the Festival will serve any useful purpose.

"Any attempt by the Western Powers at wooing the Russians will fail," says a writer. But surely they wouldn't object to walking-out.



The National Coal Board was fined at Dover for using a weighbridge which showed a deficiency error of more than a cwt. That the missing cwt. was probably not coal at all is of course no excuse.

"Mr. C——'s pictures . . . are worth double more than half the Academy rubbish put together."
"Surrey Comet"

How much would that be in real money?

Five hundred leading citizens of Delhi who have joined a new organization called the Anuvrati Sangh, the object of which is the "moral regeneration" of India, recently took a pledge to abstain from dealing in the black market, adulterating food, gambling, travelling in trains and buses without tickets, obtaining false ration-cards, taking bribes and committing suicide. This leaves them free to concentrate on chain-smoking and monopolizing the paper at breakfast.



IF YOU TAKE YOUR LUCK

IF you take your luck
with a May day
gossamer-early,
pearly,
grey
between the false dawn
and the true
you shall sense, nearly,
know as true
a thousand things sweet to the
being within
your shellacked, civilized,
too-thick, too-thin

integuments. You shall know
again clearly
a world as close to you
as your skin.

Between half darkness
and half light
through every sense
save that of sight—
the deceiver—
you shall pluck
awareness
if you take your luck.

Eden was made in May.
Trees, dew,
air, grass, creation—
all things were new
when, ere the first dawn-chorus broke
what was not silence,
Adam woke
and smelled a rain-wet
lilac spray—
as you will,
and remember Eden
if you take your luck
with a May day.

R. C. SCRIVEN

THOUGHTS ON A SHRINE

"AND this then is the very tree!"
"That is the mulberry tree."

"Under which the great Ode—
but how could he sit under it! It
is almost fallen to the ground."

"It has been propped up with
concrete. But we don't think he did
write it under that tree."

"You tread on my dreams.
Where did he write it?"

"Brown thought it was under
the mulberry tree. Colvin says it
was under the plum tree."

"How on earth did Colvin
know! And where is the plum tree
now?"

"It withered to a stump and
was taken away. We have planted
a new one."

"Taken away by whom?"

"Probably the borough dust-
cart."

"But you could have made pens
of it. Ink-stands. Napkin-rings.
Anything you please. They would
have sold for pounds and pounds."

"That is true. Americans do
take relics away. They take away
mulberries in the autumn, and
pieces of plaster, if they can find
them on the floor. From this time
onwards until autumn half the
visitors will be Americans."

"And the others?"

"They come from all over the
world. You will find them in the
visitors' book. From India and
Egypt and Iraq. They have come
from Russia before now. But
America raised more than half the

money when the site was bought
and handed over to the borough."

"And now they are being asked
to help again?"

"To furnish the rooms and
restore them in period style."

"How difficult to choose the
wall-paper!"

Many things are strange about
John Keats; that his parents should
have wanted to send him to Harrow;
that he should have been so pug-
nacious as a boy; that he was only
five feet high; that he should have
spent so much time in a room
adorned with prints of the "Rake's
Progress"; that he should have
begun a sonnet "O Chatterton!
how very sad thy fate!"; that his
brother should have made a fortune
in Kentucky; that his sister should
have married a Spaniard and lived
to be eighty-six; that Fanny Brawne
in later years should have written a
story for Blackwood's, which had
jeered at her lover so foully; but not
the least strange that his own
country, which admires him almost
next to Shakespeare, should have
found it so hard to keep up his
modest home, and house the relics
which so many kindly benefactors
have given.

Strange relics, some of them.

32. *Gold Brooch in the form of a
Greek Lyre, with the strings made of
Keats' hair.*

This argues a sentimentality
foreign to the present age, but last-
ing enough, one might think, to be

able to provide a sofa and some
chairs. And here is the manuscript
of Thomas Hardy's poem, and here
the penknife and eye-glasses of
Fanny Brawne.

Seven thousand visitors attend
the shrine annually, coming by car
and Tube and trolley bus to the point
where, in Keats' day, the Fleet
river bubbled from its spring un-
pipied, to pursue its course through
London and fall into the Thames at
Blackfriars; and how many rivers
of Fleet Street ink have flowed since
then to the poet's memory! The
pilgrims examine the relics mostly
in the adjoining library, look at the
faded rooms, are requested to keep
off the lawn, observe what flowers
are at their feet, and imagine the
nightingale. The borough patiently
awaits the slow process of repair.

"I see you have a very pretty
and ingenious model of the house."

"Yes, it has often been
admired."

"If only it could be used as a
money-box with a slit in the roof
I am sure many people would enjoy
the act of putting money into the
home of Keats, who had so little
while he lived. Like the Lifeboat
fund, you know."

"Possibly. But he still has
relatives in America and friends."

"Much has he travelled in the
realms of gold."

"I beg your pardon?"

"Nothing, I was only thinking."

EVOE



ANTI-RED PRESCRIPTION

EXTRORDINARY!

By Smith Minor

IT hapened like this, and even apart from the things themselves, how it hapened was extrordinary. If you don't know what that means, and I don't see how you can, never mind, you will in a jiffy.

There were three of us, and we got talking, like poeple do when there's nothing else to do. Two of us you properly know, i.e. (1) Green and (2) me, but the other one, i.e. (3) Jeselwick, you properly don't becorse I haven't written about him before, and I don't expectt anybody else has. Of corse, he can't help his name, and he's quite nice when you get to know him, only mind you, you've got to get to know him. He looks rather like a cod.

Note. It's all right my saying the above*, becorse he dosen't read *Punch*, I asking him, "Do you read *Punch*?" and he answering, "No, thanks!" End of note.

Well, anyhow, this Jeselwick sudenly said,

"An extrordinary thing hapened to me yesterday."

So then I said, "How extrordinary, becorse an extrordinary thing hapened to me, too."

And then Green said, "But how

* About the cod. Author

extrordinary extrordinary, becorse something extrordinary hapened to me, too, also."

Now, the upahott was that we decided to tell each other what the extrordinary things were, and then to vote which was the most, the one who won being treated by the other two to as much ginger-beer as he could drink on the next really hot day, saying one came.

We tossed to see who should begin, and Jeselwick had to, and this was his, i.e.:

"I went out for a walk, and I saw two motor-cars parqued on both sides of the road, and the number of one was 1234, and the number of the other was 4321."

"Do you mean it was extrordinary both cars being parqued on both sides of the road?" said Green.

"No, thow juicy blockhead," said Jeselwick. (That's where you need to know him.) "I mean there being the same numbers, one lot going up and the other lot going down. So beat that if you can."

"I can," said Green, "only it's you next, young Smith."

So then I told them my extrordinary thing, I thinking Jeselwick's as feable as *on peut voyer* Green did.

One granted it was interesting in a sort of mathematical way, but when you thort of, well, say, a sheep with five legs, or even my aunt sneazing with a wistle, how could you call it extrordinary? Anyhow, this was mine, i.e.:

"I was going along a road by a cricket field when somebody hit a boundary and it came down on a cow," I said.

"What, the boundary?" said Green.

"No, the ball," I said, "and while I was being surprised, becorse was it likely this would hapen, yet, lo! it had, a fielder came rushing from one side and said 'Where's our ball?' while an old woman came rushing from the other side and said 'Where's my cow?'"

"Is that all?" said Jeselwick.

"Don't interrupt him," said Green, "becorse when you do he forgets what he was going to say next."

"I have forgotten," I said.

"You're up to where's my cow," he said.

"Oh, yes," I said. "Well, I knew where the cow was, but not the ball, so I said to the fielder, 'I don't know,' and to the old woman 'Round the corner.'"

"Will you go after it?" she said.

"Well, it's not mine," I said.

"No, but I've got skyaticuler," she said.

"Oh, then I will," I said, not knowing what skyaticuler was, but feeling it must be pretty grim."

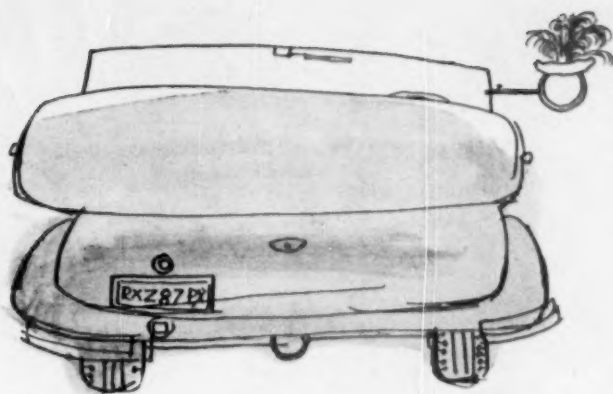
Another note. The author would like to say here, if the reader won't think it bosting, that he generally dose what poeple ask the first time, that is, saying he can, but he's not very good with cows, he once having got on one and it taking him several miles before he could get off again, and he not quite having got over it yet. End of another note.

Now getting back to where I was, I then went on,

"So I ran round the corner, and found the cow in a barber's shop, it was jest being chased out, so we both ran back to where we'd started from, and the fielder, still looking for their ball, cried, 'There it is,' and fished it out of my pocket, where it



"... and keep him in bed another day or two."



must of bounced off the cow, and if that wasn't extraordinary, I don't know what is."

I could see they were both shaken, the ginger-beer looked mine, but then Green said, "I grant you that doesn't happen every day, but wait till you hear the extraordinary thing that happened to me," and the following was it, i.e.:

"I was passing a house, and noticing it seemed a bit wonky I stopped for a bit to look at it when I heard a sort of a crash, or more like splitting wood. 'Hallo,' I said, 'what's that?' and as the front door was a jar I thought I'd better go in and have a look. It was a small house with two floors, and as I didn't see anyone I called out,

"Is anybody in trouble?"

"An old man's voice answered, 'Yes, I am.'

"I couldn't quite make out where the voice came from, so I called, 'Are you upstairs or down?' getting ready to run whichever it was, but when the answer came of 'Both,' I felt a bit fogged.

"You can't be," I called.

"Then I am what I can't be," the old man called back.

"All right, where do you want me?" I called back.

"Everywhere," he called back, 'but you might start in the dining-room or the drower-ing-room, I'm not quite sure which one I'm in.'

"Well, I tried the dining-room

first, and he wasn't there, so then I tried the drower-ing-room, and found half of him hanging down from the ceiling.

"My hat," I said.

"Of course he didn't answer, because the part of him that spoke was upstairs, I now spotting that the crash I had heard was him going through the floor, or more correctly speaking, half-going-through. So I went up to the floor above, but when I found the door of the room he was in it was locked.

"Do you know where the key is?" I called.

"Yes, it's in my pocket downstairs," he called back.

"Oh, you mean your trowser pocket?" I said.

"Yes," he said. 'The rest are still up here.'

"So down I went to the drower-ing room, and by putting a chair on a table under him and getting on the chair I reached his trowser pocket and got the key out, and then I went up again and unlocked the door and went in, but there was no one there, he now having fallen right through, and when I went down again I found him sitting on the chair! Now, I ask you, was that extraordinary, or wasn't it?"

"It certainly was," said Jeselwick, "but the question we've got to decide is whether it was more extraordinary than finding two cars together with 1234 and 4321."

"Or a cricket ball coming down on a cow," I said.

"Well, that's what we're going to vote about," said Green.

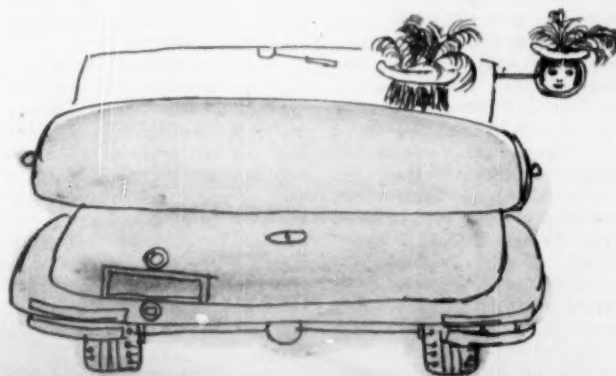
So we voted, and it came out even, because we all voted for our own. Mind you, I'd of voted for Green's if I'd of believed it.

2 2

Uncle Bom Teecham and All

"Shaw says there is no rarity of front-rank British conductors. 'Without stopping to think, I can reel off Adrian Bolut, Halcobh Sargentzen, Basil Cameron, Clarence Raybould, stangoro Robinson, Charles Groves, Ian White.'"

Calcutta paper



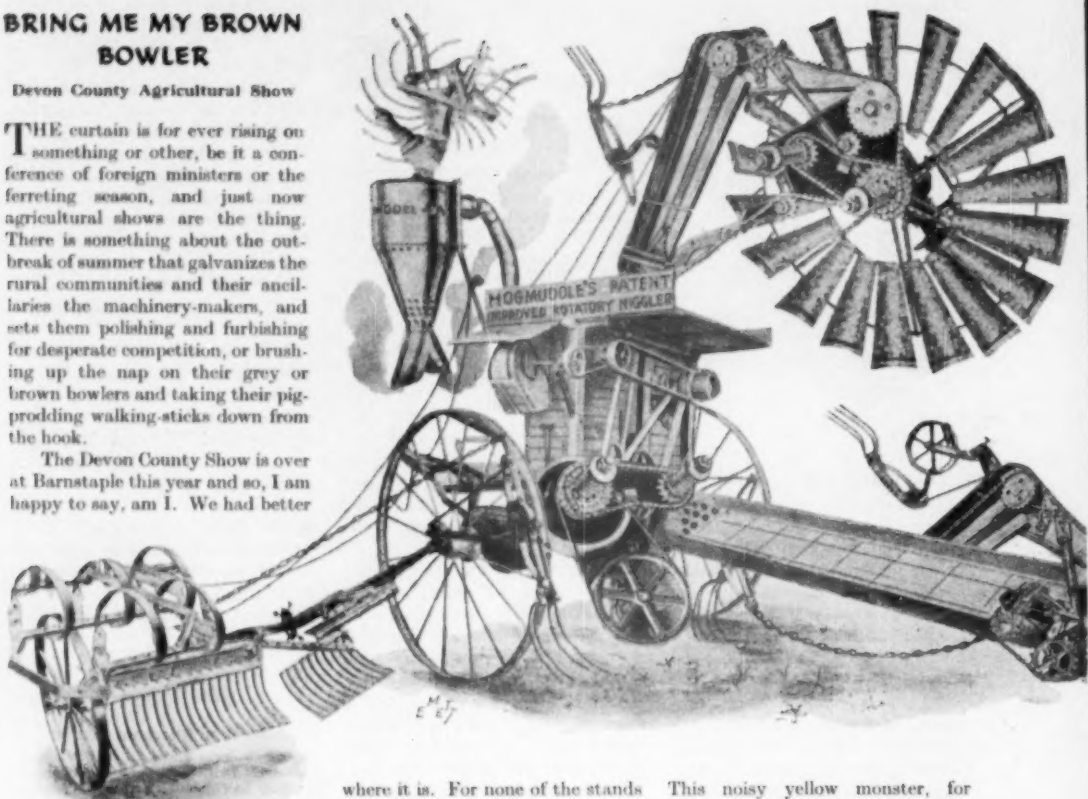
Andri Fiancon

BRING ME MY BROWN BOWLER

Devon County Agricultural Show

THE curtain is for ever rising on something or other, be it a conference of foreign ministers or the ferreting season, and just now agricultural shows are the thing. There is something about the outbreak of summer that galvanizes the rural communities and their ancillaries the machinery-makers, and sets them polishing and furbishing for desperate competition, or brushing up the nap on their grey or brown bowlers and taking their pig-prodding walking-sticks down from the hook.

The Devon County Show is over at Barnstaple this year and so, I am happy to say, am I. We had better



buy the fat three-day catalogue at half-a-crown. Strictly speaking a catalogue is not entirely necessary, but it is the thing. Besides, it contains a large map of the whole place, folded neatly inside the cover, and having unfurled this successfully you can see at a glance where everything is—well, where some things are, such as the main show ring, the catering, the heavy horses, the children's crèche, the banks. (The sheep are separated from the goats by pigs, I notice. I doubt if anyone ever thought of that before.)

To find a particular stand, however, out of the two hundred and sixty-two that there are you must look up its name at the end of the book, trace its number on the flapping map and remember *exactly*

where it is. For none of the stands themselves is numbered. I mention this early on purpose, so as to make it clear at the outset that this is a show for experts and no place for pin-striped trousers and an umbrella. This fact will be further impressed on you as you walk round the miles of exhibits.

Here you will find every kind of engine, wheeze and gadget that can possibly be classed as agricultural, and quite a few that can not. Probably the first thing to strike you will be that everything that can work by itself seems to be working. Tractors tick, dehydrators roar without any sign of drying up, churns churn, elevators elevate, rotary rakes rotate rakishly and bulldozers snore. (Strong cue for livestock, but we will come to that later.)

Suppose we affect an intelligent interest in some of the machines.

This noisy yellow monster, for instance, that announces that "We can move the earth," but which is actually hoisting into the air two Brownies and an elderly nobleman who has the air of having stepped into the scoop by mistake—what is it called? Or this, this vast scarlet and blue thing that seems to be something between a flail-tank and a mechanical toy. It whirrs, it puffs, it clanks, it beats the air, but what is it? What does it do? What is it for? You see what I mean about experts! You are supposed to *know* what everything is.

Let us pass over to the livestock (with a small exclamation mark at finding that this includes caged birds) and come back to the show ring later when the Royal Personage arrives and the band plays and the airmen present arms. There will be jumping then, and the traditional grey-hatted, scarlet-coated figure in

the middle of the ring with his long coach horn. Somehow it seems in fancy that there is another figure near him, grown shadowy now; that of a straight-backed gentleman in a frock coat, with sidewhiskers and a long cigar. Geography and time have slipped a cog together.

Oh, here are the hounds, going faster and faster round the arena, and good for a cheer as always. There is nothing quite like a hunting horn after all.

"bulldozer" cue, and, sure enough, the bulls are all apparently asleep. Rows of them, like something in a turkish bath. I don't blame them: I should be lying down too if I had a figure like theirs.

Good heavens! I thought this was going to be Non-Attested Cattle, and it turns out to be a dog show. Judging is in progress, I see. The judge passes from a collie to a black and white pekinese, while two corgis look on with surprised expressions,

sorts of activities, such as poultry shearing, sheep trussing (unless I have it the wrong way round), livestock - judging, horse - shoeing, thatching and the making of cider, honey, ropes, gates and spars. And for eggs. This last is a great disappointment to a hen I know who lives and lays in West Sussex, and was confident of victory until we read that the competition is only "Open to Residents in Devon."

Now there is just time to take in



Sheep now. Observe this mountain of fleece in the little pen with the green champion's card. Would you say this was a sheep? But yes—I can see his feet. And yes again—tucked away at this end I see a face. How odd that so noble a mutton, such a nonsuch of the woolly world, should have a face, portentously browed certainly, yet otherwise exactly like that of any other sheep. To be more precise, this is a Two-Shear Ram and Upwards, a local boy. Just a Flock Book Number, no name. How sad.

Ah, here is where we take up the



as well they may. I cannot find anything about it in the catalogue and pass on, puzzled, pausing to consider a "fox terrier" that is attracting considerable attention. I reflect, not for the first time, on the oddity of taking a small fighting dog and breeding him into something quite different, designed expressly to spend his most important days sitting in a kind of tin dust-bin with the name of somebody's dog food pasted on the side.

Geese, pigeons, pigs, heifers . . . pigs! Such rotundity, such beakiness of eye, such twirliness of tail!

But what are these empty pens among the goats?

"Class 153 — UNRECOGNIZED CLASS—FEMALE GOAT that has borne a kid in milk, any age, unregistered.

First Prize £3. 2nd Prize £2.

3rd Prize £1.

Cancelled."

I find this baffling.

There are competitions for all

the sixpenny sideshows, of which there are two. The first is Little Sally, a cart horse of the fantastic age of—unless my ears deceive me—thirty-eight years. However, she is billed not as the oldest carthorse in the world but as the smallest. As she stands but twenty-eight inches high I can well believe it. She looks a little elderly for a child's play-pen, but it must be a fairly quiet life.



Next door, to restore the balance of nature, is George. George is a bullock, and looks like remaining where he is until the end of the world. He is sleek and well groomed and, unlike the lazy

bulls, he is standing up, which is remarkable, for he claims to be the biggest bullock in the world. At a ton and three-quarters his claim is probably sound.

One of our company makes bold to prod him at the after end. Nothing happens. A few more prods, and with a look of faintly pained disinterest, George very slowly turns his head.

For a moment I have the quaint illusion of having strayed back into the Press room by mistake, and hurry away, sucking a straw.

P. R. BOYLE

AT THE PICTURES

D.O.A.—Champagne for Caesar

THE most striking thing about the thriller called *D.O.A.* (Director: RUDOLPH MATÉ) is, I suppose, the obvious point that the story is a trick one, built on what Americans call a "gimmick," or ingenious device: the idea that a man goes to the police to tell them exactly how he—he, the narrator—has been murdered. I read in *Variety* the other week that films with some such "new angle," however contrived, were proving the biggest money-makers in these days of box-office depression (or, as *Variety* put it in a front-page headline, GIMMICK FIX BEAT B.O. NIX); but obviously exhibitors here aren't confident, for *D.O.A.* was being shown as second feature to the picture I write about below, which I should have thought was itself strong enough in entertainment value to stand alone. *D.O.A.* is full of interest, and I found it absorbing, though it's uneven and there's an odd uncertainty about its mood. I could hardly believe my ears when—the atmosphere of something like a "strong" drama having been established—the principal character's interest in passing girls in an hotel was rubbed in time after time by ghostly wolf-whistles on the sound-track, as if the piece were a short Leon Errol farce. That sort of thing is not in the same category as the use of amusing direct detail of place or scene or amusing dialogue and action for small-part players, which is perfectly defensible in such a murder story so long as it has verisimilitude and is kept within the limits of the story's key; as it has and is here. There is a well-handled scene in a San Francisco waterfront dive, with a brilliantly worked-up little sequence of jive playing by Negro musicians. The motives—precisely *why* the man has been murdered—take too much explaining and are a bit hard to follow, but the suspense and excitement as he chases

and at last identifies his murderer are considerable. EDMOND O'BRIEN is on the screen nearly all the time and holds it very well; at every stage there is something to arrest and stimulate the attention. "D.O.A.", in case you're wondering, is the police abbreviation for "Dead On Arrival."

I should like to think that the exhibitors' doubts about the other film, *Champagne for Caesar* (Director: RICHARD B. WHORF), arose because of the sentimental stuff at the end; but it's all too likely that they were aroused by the satirical stuff at the beginning. Much of the first hour of this is excellent satire, done in the "crazy" manner, about pompous big business and half-witted radio shows, and I found it highly enjoyable. After that someone feels called upon to round off the story with romance in an atmosphere of no-hard-feelings, and the effect is regrettably weakened. But not, I think, entirely spoiled; I would still recommend this picture



[D.O.A.]

Mortuus

Frank Bigelow—EDMOND O'BRIEN

as light-hearted entertainment. RONALD COLMAN appears as a witty and resourceful scholar (it's a pleasure to find for once in a film a professorial type who is also blessed with everyday general knowledge) who sets out to ruin an enormous soap firm by appearing in their radio quiz show, sticking it out as the prize-money doubles with each correct answer till at last the stake is the firm itself. The best, as I say, is in the first hour, with VINCENT PRICE as an all-but-deified managing director; but the whole thing makes a very bright trifle.

Survey

(Dates in brackets refer to *Punch* reviews)

Many of the London programmes are likely to change; but it may be that you can still catch the French rustic farce *Jour de Fête* (3/5/50), that very satisfying study of mob emotion *The Dividing Line* (17/5/50), and DANNY KAYE's latest, *The Inspector General* (19/4/50).

Two very good releases; a fine war picture, *Battleground* (22/3/50), and *All the King's Men* (26/4/50), with BRODERICK CRAWFORD as a Huey Long type. *Dancing in the Dark* (5/4/50) is good entertainment, notable for a lively performance by WILLIAM POWELL.

RICHARD MALLETT



[Champagne for Caesar]

Sir Oracle

Boscoregard Bottomley—RONALD COLMAN

HAIL AND FAREWELL

THE little man in the sports-jacket and green flannels ordered a hard-boiled egg, two pickled onions and a pint of bitter. The man behind the bar polished a plate on his apron and placed it on the counter between two puddles of beer; then, using his thumb and index-finger as serving-tongs he selected the eatables and with an exaggerated delicacy of touch placed them before the customer. He was about to pull at the third handle of the beer-engine when the little man spoke.

"Forget the bitter, Jack," he said, "make it mild."

The barman did not move; he waited, his back bent and his hand still on the pump, as though he expected the customer to change his mind again.

"I'm so used to sayin' bitter," the little man said, "I can't break meself. Keep forgettin'. Used to drink bitter reg'lar till the gravity went up; then I reckoned the new mild would be as strong as the old bitter, follow me. So it's always mild now for me. Ta, Jack."

"It's Frederick, not Jack, Jack," said the barman. The customer looked up quickly; he wanted to know whether the aggression in the barman's voice was repeated in his expression.

The barman helped himself to a gherkin.

"Two geezers come in here 'smornin'," he said, "and stand the end of the bar yonder. An' then there's a peculiar noise, but I takes no notice. Then I 'ears it again; an' what d'you reckon it is, eh? It's one of these geezers whistlin'."

"No!" said the little man.

"Whistlin' me, mind," said the barman. "So I looks round and be'ind the bar, like I'm lookin' for a dog or somethink, see. 'They ain't no dogs in 'ere, mates,' I says, 'if that's what you're a-whistlin'.' So these two looks at each other an' grins."

"Go on," I says, "op it. Outside, quick. An' the next time you wants a drink ask civil. They's no dogs 'ere to be whistled at."

"So these two geezers looks at

each other again and grins some more; so I puts one foot up on the counter, as if I'm for vaultin'; and do those little perishers skip it! They goes out that door, mate, like thoroughbreds, without touchin' the sides. Whistle! I'd of given 'em whistle! They's no dogs in 'ere, I says, if that's what you're whistlin' at."

The little man finished his egg and onions and wiped his fingers carefully on his breast-pocket handkerchief. Then he picked up his beer, walked to the far end of the bar and whistled. The barman spun around, and the muscles of his face, neck and arms knotted instantly. The little man whistled again and beckoned. The barman walked slowly down the bar, his fist sliding along the edge of the counter.

"Was that how those two geezers whistled?" said the little man. "Just like that? I want to get it fixed in my head so's I can tell it right to the missis."



This year's PUNCH SUMMER NUMBER, which contains a special twelve - page Motoring Section, is now on sale, price one shilling.

The barman did not speak.

"They's no dogs in 'ere, if that's what you're a-whistlin'," said the little man. "Good, that. Good. Very, very funny. Ah, well, be seein' you. Cheerio, Jack." And he went out through the swing doors, quite slowly and without looking back. BERNARD HOLLOWOOD



ACE REPORTER ON JOB

THE editor of *The Trumpet* sent for Hardiboy, his ace reporter.

"I want you to go to Knettisham," he said. "There's a report of a chap there who's been in communication with Mars on the wireless. It may turn out to be a big thing."

"What do we know about him, chief?" Hardiboy asked, uncorking the whisky-flask that accompanied him everywhere and sitting down on a corner of the editor's desk.

"Not much. Name of Dennis. Or it may be Denis. The telephone wasn't very clear. Been in communication with Mars." The editor shifted his jade inkstand to a place of safety.

"On the wireless?"

"Apparently."

"What language were they communicating in?"

"How should I know?" asked the editor irritably.

Hardiboy recorked his flask. "It sounds to me as if this may turn out to be a big thing," he said. He swung out of the room, swung down the stairs and swung into a taxi. In more time than it takes to tell he was on a fast train from Liverpool Street bound for Knettisham. When a big story was in the air Hardiboy was not a man to waste time.

At Knettisham station he button-holed an elderly porter. "Do you know Mr. Dennis?"

"Mr. Dennis is it yew mean?" said the old man.

"That's it. Got a wireless set."

"Ah. I know 'im. Live in the little old cottage over yonder ahint the church, 'e do. Bear widdershins at t' blacksmith's and yew can't miss 'e."

Pausing only to fling the man a pound note and record the amount for his expense sheet, Hardiboy hurried to the cottage and knocked at the trim, green-painted door. It was opened by a little boy with fresh rosy cheeks, candid blue eyes and a scalp as bald as a cherry.

"Is your daddy in, my little man?" Hardiboy asked, giving him a shilling and noting the sum on his cuff.

"I'll go and see, sir," the child lisped shyly. He half-closed the door, and Hardiboy heard him run to the back of the house. The ace reporter took the opportunity to step in and cast a quick glance round, but apart from a whisky-still in a corner of the living-room he found nothing unusual in the modest little dwelling. As heavy footsteps approached he slipped outside again.

Mr. Dennis greeted him courteously. "If you're the water-rates, I told the man that came last week—"

"I'm not the water-rates," Hardiboy said with a smile. "My name's Hardiboy. I'm from *The Trumpet*."

"Ah, yes," Mr. Dennis said, lowering his shillelagh. "*The Trumpet*, to be sure. Yes, indeed."

"I've come," Hardiboy went on, "as I dare say you've guessed, to get the full story of your wonderful achievement for my paper."

"You mean," said Mr. Dennis, conducting the reporter to the sitting-room, "about my rescuing those children when the battleship was torpedoed."

"No, not that," Hardiboy took out his notebook and pencil. "This business of getting into communication with Mars."

"Ah, that. My wife can tell you more about that," said Mr. Dennis. "She's the one that does these things. She built the set herself, you know, from pieces of old railway-engines she found on the dump."

"Is Mrs. Dennis at home now?"

"She's out at the back at the moment," Mr. Dennis said, "watching the flying saucers. Would you like to come and meet her?" He led the way out to the garden. "I hope my little boy didn't keep you waiting," he remarked as they went. "He's very shy since his hair fell out. It was after using some patent shampoo he got from the National Health."

"I hope you're suing," Hardiboy said indignantly.

"Oh no. They settled out of court for half a million. They wanted to avoid the publicity, I

suppose; and of course it's the Government, they've got plenty, haven't they?"

Mrs. Dennis was standing on a pile of loose earth in the little garden, shading her eyes with her hand as she watched a line of three flying saucers high overhead. Hardiboy had never seen a flying saucer before, and watched with interest as they passed over at sixty thousand feet or so, emitting a trail of luminous green vapour and a high-pitched humming sound, faint but distinct on the afternoon air. Soon they disappeared behind some high cloud, and Mrs. Dennis turned to greet the visitor.

"Mr. Hardiboy has come about the communication with Mars, mother," Mr. Dennis explained.

"Oh, that," said Mrs. Dennis. "Oh dear, I'm sorry you came all this way for that, Mr. Hardiboy. It was a mistake after all, it turned out."

"A mistake?" Hardiboy echoed.

"I'm afraid so, Mr. Hardiboy."

It wasn't Mars at all, only the interference from the secret underground atom-factory they're building under the garden—but there, I'm not supposed to say anything about that."

Hardiboy snapped his notebook shut. "Ah, well," he said, pressing pound notes into the hands of all the family, "we have to follow these things up, you know. Hope I've been no trouble."

They stood at the cottage door and watched him as he strode down the village street and into the telephone-booth at the corner by the gibbet. In a few moments he was connected with the editor of *The Trumpet*.

"Chief? This is Hardiboy. Kill that story about Mars."

"Why?" came the editor's voice, clear and incisive over the wire.

"False alarm," Hardiboy reported briefly. "I'm on my way back. There's no story here."

B. A. YOUNG

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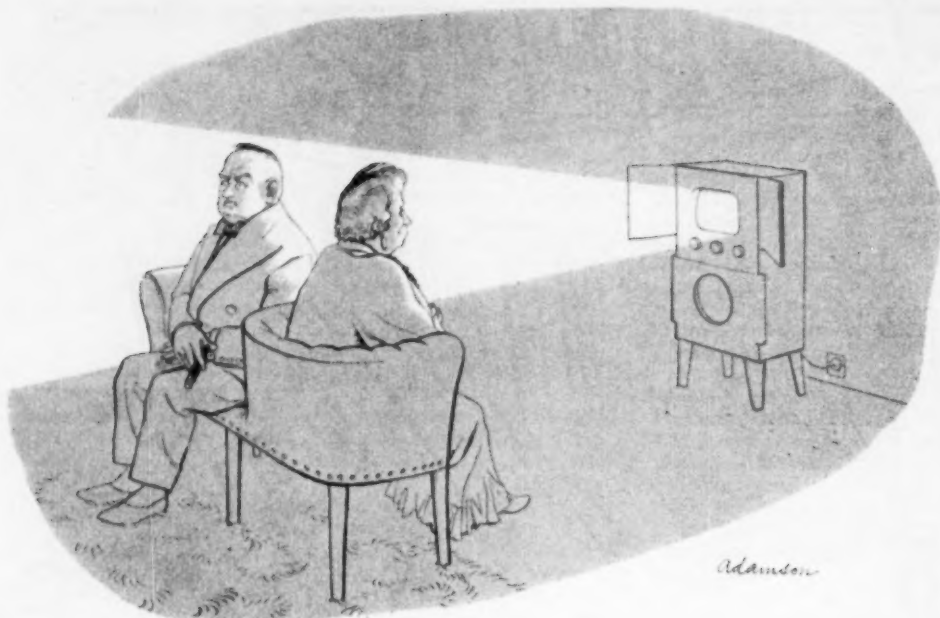
Boom in the Outsize Market

"Wanted. Star Combinations. First-class only. Nothing too big."

"The Stage"



"Tchaw! There goes another."



YOUR FACE IS THEIR FORTUNE

A Modern "Play in Verse"

MRS. GIBBS. A gentleman to see you. Mr. Fish.

PROFESSOR PARTRIDGE. Oh, yes, I know. That damned photographer.

Come in, come in. Good morning, Mr. Fish.

ZERUBBABEL FISH. Good morning, sir. I hope you are not busy.

PARTRIDGE. I'm always busy. Will it take you long?

FISH. An hour or so. But don't disturb yourself

Till I have set my lights. And even then

The less you are aware of me the better.

These days, we do not shoot the sitting bird

But take him swift and careless on the wing.

PARTRIDGE. If you suppose that I can concentrate

Upon the problems of the atom-bomb

While you are burning me with brilliant lights

And prowling round me with a camera,

You're very much mistaken. By the way,

Why do you wish to photograph my face?

FISH. There is a big demand. The newspapers

Are always asking.

PARTRIDGE. They will pay you for it!

FISH. Of course.

PARTRIDGE. I'm glad. But where do I come in?

FISH. I beg your pardon?

PARTRIDGE. I take it that the papers

Will print my photograph because it pays them.

You profit—so do they—

FISH. What is the voltage?

PARTRIDGE. What is the *what*?

FISH. The voltage of this house?

PARTRIDGE. For thirty years I have resided here.

My eldest child was born beneath this roof,

Two sons, three girls, were nurtured in the nest.

Man after man, the Borough electricians,

Ironmongers, stove- and radio-retailers,

Have come in here and asked about the voltage.

For thirty years I have not known the voltage.

I don't imagine that I ever shall.

FISH. It does not matter much.

PARTRIDGE. About the face—

It is my face. I am not keen on it,

But if it is to be printed—

FISH. Look this way.

PARTRIDGE. I thought that I was not to know about you.

FISH. There's an awareness which is unaware,

The quiet of a bird. You may have seen

A young girl entering a restaurant.

She moves as lightly as a swallow does,

And she is lovely as a sailing-ship

With all her canvas set to the delicate airs.

Her mother speaks to her. You would not think

That she saw anything except her mother.

Yet she has caught the glances of the crowd,

She hears the whispers of a hundred men—

PARTRIDGE. But I am not a blonde. About my face—

FISH. Thank you. That's perfect. Now will you smoke your pipe?

PARTRIDGE. No, sir.

FISH. I want you to be quite at ease.

PARTRIDGE. I do not wish to look like J. H. Priestley, Or even Stanley Baldwin. Would you take A woman powdering her nose—or sneezing? I think I have a pimple on the tongue. I get it frequently. Then I stop smoking. I have stopped smoking for the fourteenth time.

FISH. One pipe, sir, cannot hurt you.

PARTRIDGE. Very well.

I say again, I should be paid for this. You have distracted me. You madden me. I give up smoking, and you make me smoke. You said "an hour or so"; but all the morning, When you are gone (if you are ever going) I shall be barren—boggled in irritation (Your pardon if I mix my metaphors)—

FISH. Your meaning, sir, is beautifully clear.

PARTRIDGE. You snatch a morning from a fruitful mind:

But you are paid for this, and I am not.

FISH. Oh, sir, remember the publicity.

Now hold the pipe an inch below the chin, And look with wonder over my left shoulder As if you heard the nightingale.

PARTRIDGE. Publicity!

I cannot think of any scientist Who made a reputation by his face. Even the artist, even the foolish writer Is not assisted by your beastly trade—

FISH. I want to get you rather nearer now.

Lean forward, with your elbows on the desk.

PARTRIDGE. Is this intended to be "natural"?

I never sat like this before—

FISH. That's fine.

PARTRIDGE. I wish you'd go away. As I was saying,

When I see photographs of famous men, Writers and such, whose work I have admired, I'm disappointed. Frequently the face Appears to me quite incompatible With all I have imagined of the man. Sometimes the face itself is not repulsive, But it is not the face that I expected.

FISH. Look in the camera.

PARTRIDGE. Now, in my case,

I think so very little of the face That I regard all photographs as libellous. If you propose to publish it abroad You will be doing me an injury. Who, after that, will have the least respect For my opinions on the—

FISH. Well, I've done.

I thank you, sir.

PARTRIDGE. That's more than I can say.

FISH. Oh, no, sir, you've enjoyed it very much.

PARTRIDGE. I beg your pardon?

FISH. You have bullied me—

At least, you tried to—and you found it fun.

And then, your vanity has had—

PARTRIDGE. My vanity?

FISH. Your vanity. Protesting like a turkey, You loved to think you would be in the papers.

Your eyes were arrows for the camera. As ageing women who besiege the mirror, As young Narcissus—

PARTRIDGE. Really, Mr. Fish!

FISH. My lightest word you instantly obeyed.

If I had said "Now stand upon your head"

You would have done it—but complained, of course.

Indeed, Professor, a revealing morning.

PARTRIDGE. I hope you're not a damned psychiatrist.

FISH. I cannot tell you truly what I am:

But I am more than a Photographer.

These lights—I did not really have to know

About the voltage—are of higher power

Than those provided by the Borough Council.

This Camera can see into the soul.

PARTRIDGE. I take it, by the way, that you will send me

A proof or two before the face is published.

FISH. No photograph was taken of the face:

But I have here some interesting negatives,

Which will not be developed till the Day

When they are wanted.

PARTRIDGE. Do you mean to say

That you have wasted all my time for nothing?

FISH. Good morning, sir, good morning!

PARTRIDGE. Mrs. Gibbs.

Go, stop the gentleman who just went out!

MRS. GIBBS. Sir, I was at my cleaning in the hall,

And nobody went out.

PARTRIDGE. God bless my soul!

A. P. H.



"Pressure cooking, pressure cooking—never 'eard of it."

SPRING



GOOD EVENING, sir. Camping, like? Yes, I seen lights from the end of the ride.

I'm surprised the Headkeeper a'n't seen you; perhaps he a'n't been down this side.

Begging pardon, sir, have you His Lordship's permission? No, as I supposed;

Nor won't get it either, I'm 'fraid, sir. These woods is all private and closed.

No camping at all is our orders; and I can't say but what it seems right.

No, I see you're not doing no harm, sir, but there's plenty of others that might.

You can say what you like to them, some of them—those is the ones that's to blame—

Lighting fires, cutting wood, leaving bottles and playing the hell with the game:

Not poaching, o' course, but just scaring them, shouting and making a row—

Playing gramophones, even, I've had them: and the birds is all pairing just now.

His Lordship? Yes, all this is his, and the woodlands for several miles round.

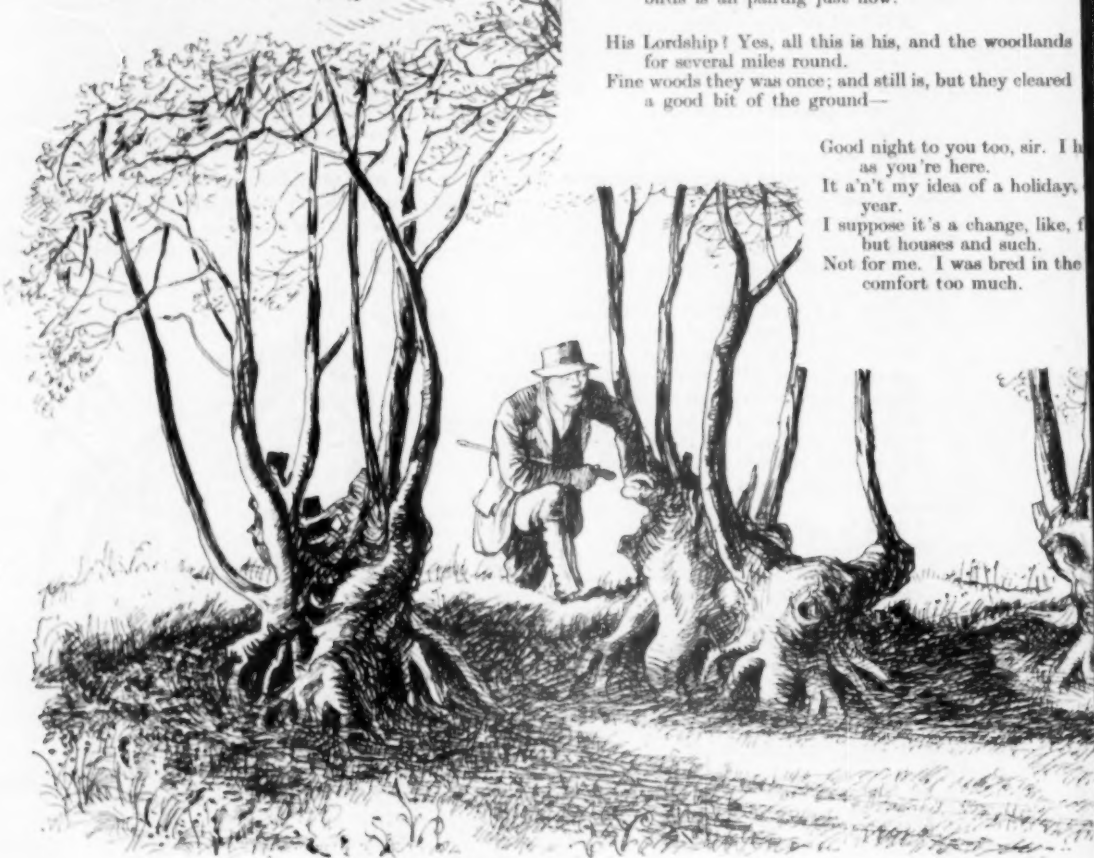
Fine woods they was once; and still is, but they cleared a good bit of the ground—

Good night to you too, sir. I h
as you're here.

It a'n't my idea of a holiday,
year.

I suppose it's a change, like, f
but houses and such.

Not for me. I was bred in the
comfort too much.

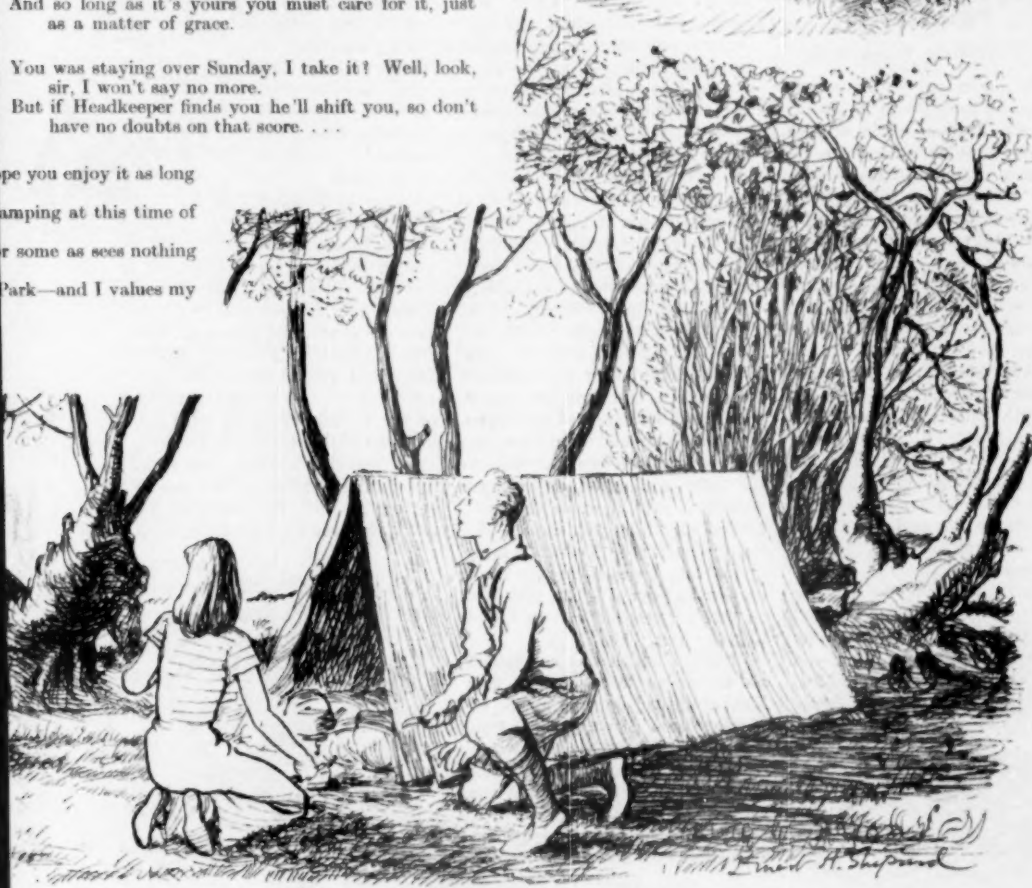


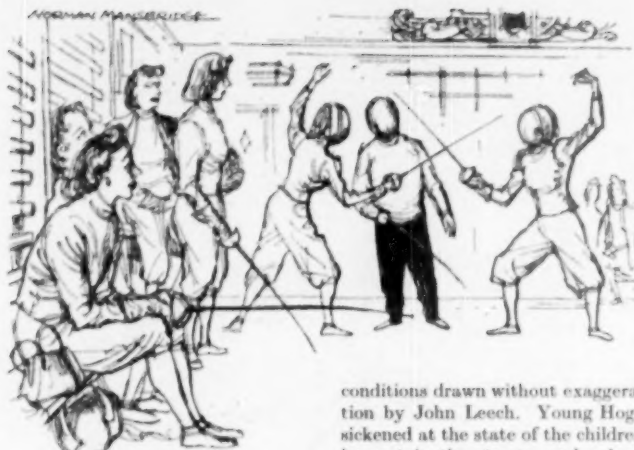
TRESPASS

Cut a lot of the trees in the war, and a'n't started to plant it up yet.
 There's a lot of hard work to be done, and the labour a'n't easy to get.
 Young chaps a'n't so keen on hard work as they was, not as far as one sees;
 They'd rather be writing at desks than thinning and planting of trees.
 And it costs a lot more than it did, and there a'n't the same money to spare:
 And to tell you the truth, sir, His Lordship's own feelings don't seem what they were.
 He used to be terrible sharp on the place, and especially the game;
 But he lost the two boys in the war, and it seems now he don't feel the same.
 Yes, natural enough, I suppose, sir. But what I says, the place is the place,
 And so long as it's yours you must care for it, just as a matter of grace.

You was staying over Sunday, I take it? Well, look, sir, I won't say no more.
 But if Headkeeper finds you he'll shift you, so don't have no doubts on that score. . . .

hope you enjoy it as long
 camping at this time of
 for some as sees nothing
 Park—and I values my





QUINTIN HOGG'S TRIUMPH

The Polytechnic, Regent Street

SOME quite reputable institutions seem to have grown so haphazardly, like a witenagemot of jelly-fish, that it is unprofitable to dig into their origins. Others, owing nearly everything to one remarkable person, are equally interesting for what they were and for what they are; and of these the Polytechnic is a prime example, for its unending list of activities sprang from the genius and driving-force of a boy who had just left school.

Quintin Hogg, born four years after Mr. Punch, in 1845, was the fourteenth child of a comfortable Victorian family, his father being chairman of the East India Company and a Member of Parliament. Having passed through Eton without particular distinction, he went into a merchant's office in the City and appeared set for the not unenviable life of any of the younger Forsytes, except that he had behind him a strongly Evangelical code. He was also observant, and, one guesses, extraordinarily determined. At that time London's poor struggled to exist in the semi-animal



conditions drawn without exaggeration by John Leech. Young Hogg sickened at the state of the children he met in the streets, and, where most youths of his age and period would have turned away, went immediately into action, and action of a most commendably unconventional kind.

His first exploit was to try to teach two crossing-sweepers to read, under the Adelphi Arches at night, with a candle stuck in a bottle and a couple of Bibles. (Next time you walk up Regent Street and look at the great façade of the Polytechnic and the ant-like stream of students pouring in and out of its doors, consider this adventurous beginning.) The police arrived to investigate the phenomenon, the boys bolted, and Hogg decided that he must learn a little more about their curious form of life. He therefore bought a frightful second-hand suit and a shoeblick's kit, and spent his nights studying London, getting back to his father's mansion in time for breakfast. (On the whole his family proved surprisingly tolerant. His father objected to ragamuffins being invited into his carriage, but when his son threatened to mount them on the box instead he was forced to give way.)

Once he felt that he understood his customers he opened a tiny Ragged School in one room by Charing Cross. Meetings for Covent Garden porters, open-air services, rescue work among girls were other undertakings on the side, but the Ragged School was his favourite. It expanded quickly. Hogg poured his leisure and his money into it,

and friends began to help. (His sister was working on parallel lines with girls.) Soon sleeping accommodation and a scheme for emigration were added. It was typical of this splendidly abnormal young man that when he went on his honeymoon he took as valet the worst boy he knew, who could not be trusted in his absence.

Shortly afterwards Hogg decided to separate the cream, and formed an evening institute for the better type of boy. This was the Polytechnic in embryo. It acquired playing-fields and larger premises, and, in 1881, Hogg bought for it the old Royal Polytechnic Institution in Regent Street. His aims, put simply, were to provide a club for the wage-earning class, to inculcate fitness and a good life, to teach crafts, and to bridge what in his view was the absurdly artificial social gap between the artisan and the clerk. As most of the Polytechnic's activities took place in the evening he founded, in 1886, the grammar school, to use part of the premises in the daytime. This school, the Quintin School, now has six hundred boys between eleven and nineteen. One reason why Hogg's interest shifted from the lowest to the intermediate poor was that after the institution of the Board Schools in 1870 the need for Ragged Schools declined. There was still, however, a sad gap in secondary education, and this he set out to fill. By this time his private fortune was heavily depleted





and he accepted public grants, but only on condition that religious classes continued. For some inexplicable reason official bosoms were ruffled by this exemplary idea, but Hogg became a steamroller when he felt like it.

To the other Polytechnics that started in imitation he was generous with advice. There were apparently no limits to his energy. It was not enough to teach boys, to give young men a trade, and the chance to rise into a profession, and corporate happiness, but they must all be able to travel as well. In 1889 sixty boys were sent through France and Switzerland for twenty-seven days at a cost of under six pounds a head. The famous Tours had arrived, and, growing like a snowball, were made available to outsiders. A weekend at Boulogne—it's brutal to tell you—cost twenty-two shillings.

Well, very briefly, that was Quintin Hogg, surely a great man by any measure.* He died in 1903. And his Polytechnic now? It's so vast, so busy, so hydra-headed that I scarcely know where to begin. The two main buildings (there is an annexe off Great Portland Street, already large but to be further developed when money is raised) contain hives of classrooms superimposed on an all-embracing club. For a varying subscription (well under a pound) anyone of either sex between the ages of sixteen and twenty-six can join this club, whether or not they are Polytechnic students. Among other benefits it entitles them to free use of the swimming-bath, gym and library, and gives them access to two excellent cafeteria restaurants. Within the men's and women's sections almost every sport under the sun is catered for, at further very small subscriptions. Fifty acres go to the recreation ground at Chiswick and the athletic standards are high.

* The Polytechnic and Quintin Hogg (Nisbet), by his daughter, Mrs Ethel M. Wood, tells his story admirably.

Membership of this club is five thousand. Then in the day, in addition to the Quintin School, seventeen hundred whole-time students are taught a formidable variety of subjects. The Architectural School, for instance, with many successes in public competitions to its credit, has a five-year course, the Final Diploma qualifying the student as an architect and making him automatically an Associate of the R.I.B.A. There are Schools of Art, Science, Engineering, Modern Languages, Domestic Science, Commerce; indeed almost every imaginable subject can be tackled seriously up to a university level, and the Crafts Schools teach Hairdressing, Tailoring and Motor Body Engineering. The fees for all these schools are subsidized by public grant, and are consequently fantastically reasonable.

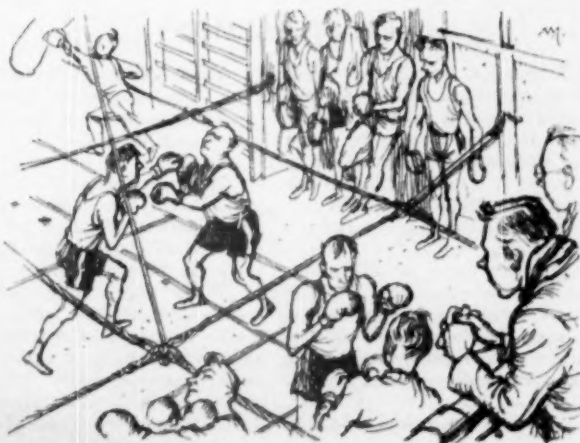
But in the evening a far larger number (about ten thousand in the year) attend special classes in the same Schools. Suppose you are a hairdresser, skilled in your trade but a little shaky on the latest perm; or a radio mechanic anxious to master a new and elusive gadget; or a Civil Servant seeing a chance of promotion if French can be quickly learned. In the daytime you can't leave your work, but in the evening the Polytechnic is waiting for you.



It's not just a gigantic crammer's, but the nearest approach that has yet been made in this country to a popular university. You feel this the moment you go inside. It hums with community life, and for the lonely young in London, without much money in their pocket, it seems a wonderful answer, even if they only wish to learn the precious lesson of how to get on with their fellows. On non-denominational lines the religious note is still steadily sounded, through services, Bible classes and informal meetings. Within five minutes one can see a swimming-bath furiously churned, a hard game of basketball (not netball, please!), a busy restaurant, a crowded library, a Parliament; and upstairs one can peep at professors in room after room doing their stuff in a pin-drop atmosphere. As a social amalgam it is fascinating, as an organization remarkable.

Even Quintin Hogg's restless, practical idealism would have every reason to be satisfied.

ERIC KEOWNS





"Short back and sides."

CLOSE HARMONY

IT was hot in rehearsal room number seven. The window was closed against a splatter of rain; from the cigarette wedged above the white cardboard notice saying "Others Will Be Using This Room After You. Have the Courtesy NOT to SMOKE" a blue-grey cloud spread sluggishly.

In the curve of the small, scarred grand piano stood the Four Courtiers (All Communications Ron Sleitzer), their heads tilting together as they smiled roguishly at the wall's soiled distemper and sang:

*"But ya got-ta be ha-a-ard-boiled
(de-doo-de-doo)"*

YEAH, ya got-ta be ha-a-ard-boiled
(de-doo-de-doo-de-doo)
Ya got-ta teach them dames, and
teach 'em good——"

There was a sound like a pistol-shot. Indeed, those unversed in the art of close harmony might have felt no surprise to hear a pistol-shot at this point. But the sound was caused by Eddie Wurpo slamming the piano's keyboard lid, a halt sign as familiar to the other three Courtiers as the tapped baton of a Beecham to a symphony orchestra. Ella, the only female in the outfit, froze her lips on the word "good" and at once assaulted them with lipstick, while

Joe Akbar, known to his own circle as "the Pasha," reached impassively for his cigarette. It was Al Capozzini who showed impatience. Al had once been commended by a Wolverhampton paper for the grace of his hand-movements during song and had never forgotten it; when Eddie slammed the lid he had been perfecting a flowing upward swoop with these elegant members: for a moment he paused, holding them cupped tulip-fashion under his bow-tie; then he dropped them to his sides.

"Now what?" he said, with a faint rasp. "Now what?"

Eddie Wurpo gave a restrained snort. "'Ya gotta teach them dames,'" he said.

"Listen," said Al, throwing out a beautiful but nicotine-dimmed hand in a reasoning gesture, "we only got the room for an hour, and we ain't been right through the lyric yet. If we——"

"Okay, Al," said the girl, "we got to rehearse, don't we? What gives, Eddie?"

"'Ya gotta teach them dames,'" repeated Eddie, with a quick, grateful glance at Ella. "Like I keep saying. 'Teach them dames' wants to be on the beat, solid as a gold brick. Al's making 'Teach' a quaver, slipping off it, gettin' syncopated. It wants to be *Teach! Them! Dames! See! Vum! Vum! Vum! See!* You can get between the beats on 'Teach 'em good'—it goes like 'Tea-chu-u-u-rm-good,' see! Quaver-crochet-crochet. But you want your contrast, see? Okay, Al!"

In the room there was silence. But the rain beat on the windows, and other noises beat on the other three walls. In room six a half-trained soprano was renewing her assault on "One Fine Day," and on the other side a piano rattled shrilly in a monotonous boogie-woogie. Al exercised his wrists for some moments to the rhythm of the piano.

"Funny thing," he said at last.

"That ain't music," said Joe Akbar, jerking his head towards the boogie piano.

"What's funny?" said Eddie, half challenging.

"Get the Pasha," said Ella, "on what's music an' what ain't."

"It's funny that it's always Al," said Al, with the faint rasp again. "That's what's funny."

"Take it easy," said the girl. "We voted Eddie conductor. Let him conduct."

"Picking on me," said Al, unpacified. "Same with 'Who Am I Gonna Love,' Thursday. Just getting some smashing gestures in the middle eight bars when he has to butt in with his new 'de-dard'n-de-dard'n-dee' lark. You gotta have showmanship. No showmanship, no show. When I was with Chick Suckling's Serenaders——"

The Pasha struck up "Tell me the old, old story" in a ruminative alto, but broke off just in time to prevent any real offensiveness and said "Let's go again, eh? Okay, Al? Okay, Eddie?"

"Okay with me," said Eddie, lifting the keyboard lid again with automatic preparedness.

"From 'Ya gotta teach them dames'?" said the girl.

"Better start right in; lead up," said Eddie. "Okay." He raised a hand, and the four heads tilted. But a thought struck him. "Al," he said. Al raised an unwilling eyebrow. "It wasn't," said Eddie, "'de-dard'n-de-dard'n-dee,' at all."

Sensing the unwisdom of this, the Pasha put a quick hand on Al's sleeve, but Al remained quite still. The boogie piano had stopped, but "One Fine Day" was in full flood.

"No?" said Al.

"Eddie!" said the girl sharply. "First things first. We shall have to be out of here in ten minutes."

"It was 'de-dard'n-dard'n-dee-da,'" said Eddie, disregarding all danger signals. "Now I know why that last novelty chorus never went right at the Palais. We was singing 'de-dard'n-dard'n-dee-da'—and you, you dope, was——"

Ella screamed as Al jumped. He got Eddie by the broad lapels of his jacket first, and just shook him, addressing him in loud and unflattering terms. Then he got his fingers inside the neck of his collar.

"Hey! Hey!" shouted the Pasha, trying to shove himself between them. "Al! Stop it! Lay off him!"

But the true inspiration was Ella's. "You'll hurt your hands, Al," she bawled in his ear. "You don't wanna hurt your hands!"

Al disengaged himself and stood cracking his knuckles savagely. Then he looked at his hands and pushed them in his side pockets. Eddie wrenched at his collar and tucked his tie down inside his waistcoat. He didn't look at Al.

"Okay," he said. He drew and expelled a deep breath, then raised one hand. "Okay. From the beginning." He struck a note gently on the piano.

"But ya got-to be ha-a-d-boiled (de-doo-de-doo)"

YEAH, ya got-to be——"

The door opened unexpectedly, and a small, elderly man with pince-nez came in.

"I think it's just on the hour, gentlemen—er—ladies and gentlemen."

He opened a score of "The Yeomen of the Guard," sat down at the piano and began to play slowly and fumblingly.

"You like Gilbert and Sullivan?" he asked politely.

But the Four Courtiers, gathering their hats and coats, did not reply.

J. B. BOOTHROYD

JAY

WHERE hanging heavens gather their grey on March winds meeting the murmur of May; where the spears of Spring their tourney run at the splintered shield of winter sun; bright with the blazon of burnished day, in woeful weather jaunts the jay: through clouds dark-cloistering roves he; roistering, halcyon herald, wanton squire plume-apparelled with Spring's fresh scutcheon, with Midas' touch on the dyes of Tyre: hued like sea-havens, the moon-blued bay, the sunfall sheeting the west's wide way, through waning winter on wheeling wings, in jocund jousting, bannered, he brings Spring's sign of seisin: a jewelled ray of jacinth feather: the jasper jay.

ALUN LLEWELLYN



AT THE PLAY

Madam Tic-Tac (WINTER GARDEN)
The Dark Corridor
 (NEW LINDSEY)



WO plays which deal with the blind are a curious double for one week and raise the question whether anything is gained by showing physical affliction on the stage, unless for inescapable reasons. If it is dragged in merely to give a sentimental pull its effect is apt to be embarrassing, as in *Madam Tic-Tac*, a new crime play by Mr. FALKLAND CARY and Mr. PHILIP WEATHERS.

In this case the effect is not only embarrassing but absurd, for we are invited to believe that a series of complicated bank-robberies are organized as split-second operations by a woman deaf as well as blind, who never stirs from the shabby little café she runs as a façade. I don't know what Dick Barton would say to that, but I'm sure the general-issimos of scientific crime have need of all their senses. Had this tough old spider been able to see, the play would at least have gained credibility, and in addition we should have been spared the theatrical heroics of a character who are apparently expected to admire in spite of her extremely unpleasant hobbies. It is hard enough to be asked to endure the scene in which she loses her nerve and blunders round the café in hysterics, but far worse to find an actress of Mlle. FRANCOISE ROSAY's superb quality thrown away on such a silly part. How she came to be involved in a piece which doesn't even hang together as melodrama baffles the imagination.

The whole action passes in the café, where *Madam Tic-Tac* is at length shot after the gang has got into difficulties over two murders and hopelessly

[*Madam Tic-Tac*]

Ministry of Information

Beth—MISS HILARY VERNON; *Marguerite*—MISS URSULA HOWELLS
Madam Tic-Tac—MISS FRANCOISE ROSAY

double-crossed itself. The low-life atmosphere is shown with some skill, and there are moments of drama, but the big scene in which *Madam* traps her partner is nonsense, because this accomplished and resourceful criminal, thwarted by three locked doors, never thinks of stepping out of the ground-floor window. Only for a portion of the audience is the play lightened by the easier humours of promiscuity. Mlle. ROSAY cannot do anything badly, but this part is not worth doing well. Mr. LIAM GAFFNEY makes a sinister gunman, Mr. HAROLD SCOTT a winning little bank-clerk in search of adventure, and Miss URSULA HOWELLS and Miss HILARY VERNON give point to vice and virtue.

misfortune that his parents kill the disagreeable old aunt who would otherwise have diverted her money to a cats' home. (The idea of earning for him themselves escapes them.) Written by Mr. RICHARD REICH and adapted by Mr. ARNOLD RIDLEY, it begins well in a Bath household of 1900; but the later events border on the ludicrous. Having methodically brained his sister with a candlestick the father, an improbable professor, tries to pin the murder on a foundling, a trick for which no intelligent child from a reformatory would have stood for a moment. The parents' characters are a muddle, in which Mr. IVAN BRANDT gets rather bogged, and not even the beautifully sincere acting of Miss BARBARA COUPER can quite resolve the mother. Miss EILEEN BELDON, Miss JOAN YOUNG, Miss PATRICIA DAINTON and Mr. ROBERT RIETTY fill in smaller parts with credit.

Recommended

London has a good new family play, *The Holly and the Ivy*, at the Duchess, with Herbert Lomas as a delightful country vicar. *Ring Round the Moon* at the Globe is still easily Production No. 1. ERIC KEOWNS

[*The Dark Corridor*]

Lady With Paraffin Lamp
 Ann Marr—
 MISS BARBARA COUPER

In the second play, *The Dark Corridor*, the blindness is justified, because it is on account of their son's



ALL the ballet companies in London are keeping up the production drive: piano concerto after piano concerto is being pressed into service with results that prove beyond any reasonable doubt that a piano concerto usually tends rather obstinately to remain a piano concerto despite all efforts to invent choreography for it, attach scenery and costumes to it and call it a ballet.

It is perhaps a little hard on choreographers of piano concertos that one inevitably compares their efforts with the beautiful ballet evolved by Frederick Ashton from César Franck's "Symphonic Variations." Recently Sadler's Wells gave us *Ballet Imperial*, BALANCHINE's setting of TSCHAIKOVSKY's G Major piano concerto. This is an essay in classical ballet in the grand manner, with tutus, crowns and all, and an Imperial eagle on the back-cloth whose own crown and tail-feathers appear to have been just blown off in an explosion. But whereas Tchaikovsky's showy rhetoric can gush forth for long periods without any signs of drying up, the resources of mere arms and legs are less plentiful. Fifteen minutes' non-stop bravura is about their limit; and by the time the last movement of the concerto is reached there seems to be nothing left for the *corps de ballet* to do to match the indefatigable exuberance of the solo pianist except to come prancing in waving their arms above their heads



"Visions"

AT THE BALLET



"Ballabile"

in a final paroxysm of *joie de vivre*, almost shouting "Hi-ya, folks!" It is all most exhausting.

Ballet Imperial is at one extreme of concerto-ballet. *Winter Night*, created by WALTER GORE for the Ballet Rambert, is at the other. This is a balletification of "the" piano concerto by RACHMANINOFF. While Tchaikovsky shouts all the time at the top of his voice Rachmaninoff wallows in a morass of self-pity, wringing blotting-paper hands and weeping tears of glycerine. Mr. Gore has tackled his lachrymose subject with great ingenuity, postulating a lover, his rejected mistress and his new love. In the programme the lover is represented as saying "We have loved, Felice, and now... there comes the parting," adding somewhat sentimentously "Life consists of meeting and parting. How else is it Life?" "This parting is the Winter Night of my despair," replies the poor girl, and proceeds choreographically to agonize in a floating dress of black and purple through three long movements, dropping dead only at the last bar. One is just as tired of her by then as of the brassy high spirits of Balanchine's *corps de ballet*; but piano concertos being, as we said, piano concertos there is nothing to be done about it.

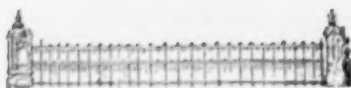
ROLAND PETIT'S *Ballabile*, danced almost entirely by junior

members of the Sadler's Wells Ballet, is a dainty and amusing trifle in which everything seems to have happened by the happiest of accidents. A series of lightning sketches flit before one's eyes—a group of dancers "practising," a parody of the *cygnets*' dance from *Swan Lake*, a frolic in a setting of white bicycles and green chestnut leaves, a street in the rain full of highly eccentric people in fantastic black hats and outsize umbrellas, with ANNE NEGUS to demonstrate the possibilities for knock-about comedy latent in a small mauve parasol. The music is a selection by CONSTANT LAMBERT from the works of CHABRIER.

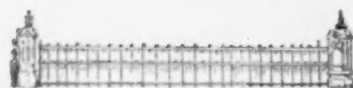
The latest contribution of International Ballet is *Visions*, by the Swedish choreographer JULIAN ALGO to MOUSSORGSKY'S *Pictures from an Exhibition*. It was said to be faintly shocking, so Mr. Punch's Artist and his Scribe went prepared to protect the susceptibilities of Mr. Punch's Readers to the last stroke of the pencil and click of the typewriter. There was a witch-like character in green and a man in black whom they watched with apprehension, some *Lost Souls* who engulfed a girl in white in the manner of a sundew digesting a fly, a rather wan lady in blue and a man covered in gore who rushed about and knocked people down. Then suddenly it all stopped and people came out from the wings with bunches of tulips. "Was it a *Vision* or a waking dream?" We just don't know. D. C. B.



"Winter Night"



IMPRESSIONS OF PARLIAMENT



Monday, May 15th

At a time when an international conference was discussing the provision of "teeth"

House of Commons:
Teeth Are Inspected

for the North Atlantic Treaty it was, perhaps, appropriate that the House of Commons should also talk of teeth. But the M.P.s were talking of those useful adjuncts to mastication now supplied by Mr. ANEURIN BEVAN, through the medium of dentists all over the country.

It was a dentist, Mr. BAIRD, who raised the matter, and he wanted to annul a Government regulation cutting by ten per cent the fees payable to dentists. As a Government supporter he assumed that well-known "I'm afraid it may hurt—a little" expression and sailed in. By way of a slight local anaesthetic he said he did not object to the cuts but only to the way they were being made. It was not, in other words, what was done but the nasty way it was done that gave pain to Mr. BAIRD.

It seemed that all dentists would suffer equally—a principle he approved—but "spiv" dentists would work longer hours to make up the difference, and would produce inferior work.

And that, said Mr. BAIRD, with the mildly triumphant air of one who discovers an infinitesimal cavity hidden away in a tooth, was wrong. He thought it would be better to save money by improving supervision of dentists by the Ministry.

Sir HUGH LUCAS-TOOTH, the Opposition's leading expert on matters dental, mentioned that last year the Health Service paid £48,000,000 to ten thousand dentists—and acutely observed that this meant an average of £4,800 each. But doctors averaged only £2,500 each, and there was "something fundamentally wrong" in a situation where dentists got nearly twice as much as doctors.

This brought up Mr. ARTHUR BLENKINSOP, Parliamentary Secretary to the Ministry of Health, with the remark that his Ministry was

prepared to consider alternative plans but was not, meanwhile, willing to set aside "interim measures to reduce costs."

Mr. BAIRD then withdrew his motion—an operation as delicate, in the present Parliament, as many he had doubtless performed in the dental chair. For once a motion is before the House it can be withdrawn only by leave of the Members generally, and Mr. WHITELEY, the Government Chief Whip, seemed as nervous as any dentist's patient until the thing was safely extracted and the possibility of a division was



Impressions of Parliamentarians

Lord Simon

past. Mr. BAIRD looked a trifle relieved too.

More excitement was caused later by Mr. GEORGE LINDGREN, Parliamentary Secretary to the Ministry of Town and Country Planning, when he appeared to release a large and unruly cat from the Governmental bag. He seemed to say that the Government favoured the nationalization of the land, and when the Opposition had recovered its breath it was pointed out that this particular secret had been well kept from the farmers and others in the recent General Election.

It was further intimated that the secret would not precisely be hidden under a bushel at the next election, and that "certain consequences" might be expected in rural areas, among others. Mr. LINDGREN explained a little breathlessly that he had not gone so far as his critics seemed to think, but it was in vain, and senior Ministers who

have charge of tactics for the next election displayed no enthusiasm for the frankness of their junior colleague. However, Mr. L. folded his arms with an "I-have-spoken!" gesture, and left the worrying to his leaders.

Tuesday, May 16th

A number of their Lordships sat up and took acute notice when they

House of Lords:
News for their
Lordships
House of Commons:
Finance Bill

were given some news by Lord PAKENHAM. It was that if someone under the age of sixty-five inherited a post-war (income tax) credit he or she would have to wait until reaching that age before being able to cash it.

There was almost a rush for the doors on the part of a number of elderly Peers, until it was realized that both banks and post offices were then closed. However, Lord ROCHE announced that he intended to be "very sharp" about collecting his own (overdue) post-war credits, and Lord BALFOUR OF BURLEIGH said he proposed to queue for his right away.

Lord SIMON paused to point out that the Government's ruling might mean an unnecessary rush to cash the credits, with consequent strain on the Exchequer. But Lord PAKENHAM said it would be "extremely difficult" to alter the law so that the credits could go normally into the estate of those who died over the age of sixty-five.

With a good deal of figuring on the backs of envelopes the House went home.

The Commons, too, were talking about finance—on the Second Reading of the Finance Bill, which gives effect to the Budget. As Sir STAFFORD CRIPPS remarked, it almost seemed like "Another Place" and a hereditary Chamber, so conspicuous were the maiden speeches made by M.P. sons of M.P. fathers. And very bright and skilful they were.

One of the best came from Mr. PETER CROWDER, son of Captain



"We like the style but some of the rooms are a trifle dark."

JOHN CROWDER, who listened proudly as his fellow-Member made his maiden speech.

MR. ANTHONY EDEN described the Government's description of petrol as a "luxury" as further evidence of a "kill-joy policy" and found no extenuating circumstance in Mr. DOUGLAS JAY's hasty explanation that he had included only "pleasure petrol" in that category. He went on to analyse the Budget in terms that clearly worried the Government benches.

Many hours later Sir STAFFORD CRIPPS puzzled the House by saying that the tax on petrol had been doubled to discourage the use of that dollar-costing commodity—but that the basic ration had been doubled apparently out of sheer love for the motorist.

Speech of the day, perhaps, was that of Mr. STANLEY EVANS, who departed the Ministerial life so abruptly after attacking the farmers, who were the subject of much courtship by the Labour Party machine. He then said Britain's agriculture was "feather-bedded," and

Mr. ATTLEE at once consigned him to the hard bed of back-bench repentance. He did not make a resignation speech, as used to be the custom, but he made up for it to-day, and said a mouthful and a bibful while Ministers gazed uneasily at the ceiling. His case was still that the farmers were the Government's pampered darlings who fattened at the expense of the hungry townsman. He was heard in near-silence.

And near midnight the Bill got its Second Reading.

Wednesday, May 17th

Rows of angry-looking miners' M.P.s sat listening to the debate on the Mining Subsidence Bill, which plans to give compensation for damage caused by pit subsidences. They had fought a losing battle behind the scenes to extend the area of compensation, but had been beaten by the Governmental Big Stick. They had, however, retained the right to yell a little as it smote them, and several of them took full advantage

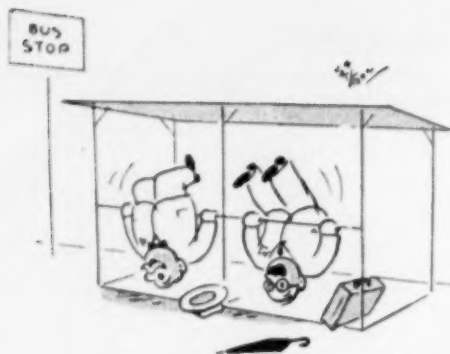
of this, hotly criticizing the Government.

The Government's discomfort was not assuaged by the fact that the Tory Opposition had tabled many amendments precisely on the lines advocated by the Government rebels, thus putting them in the position of having to vote against their own secret wishes.

Various Tory speakers "ventured" to point this out, and appeared to derive a slightly sadistic enjoyment from the long faces opposite.

At the opening of the debate there had been something of the atmosphere of a concentration camp on the Government Front bench, Mr. WHITELEY sitting cold and stern and Mr. MORRISON sitting with folded arms, outdoing the Chief Whip in coldness and sternness.

But after a time the tension slackened, and the issue was allowed to drop without so much as a division. Then, for the first time, Mr. WHITELEY smiled. Mr. MORRISON nearly smiled—and the unhappy miners' M.P.s went out sadly.



POWDER AND SHOT

"AND while you're at the grocer's," said my wife, "see if you can get me a packet of Swish."

"Swish?" I said. "What's that?"

"It's one of those new washing powders. Wonderful stuff. You know—Swish never bullies your woollies."

I smiled indulgently. "That's not Swish. That's Slosh."

"Slosh?"

"Yes. It's Slosh that never bullies woollies. Swish is the stuff that protects your pretties."

"Nonsense. That's Gush. I was reading an advertisement about it in last night's paper."

I let her go and look for the newspaper in the cupboard under the stairs. Anyone who studies the advertisement columns knows that Gush is the stuff that makes silks scintillate. But women won't be told.

My wife came back with the paper.

"It wasn't Gush after all," she said. "It was Whoosh."

"Ah, Whoosh!" I was on safe ground there. "Wonderful Whoosh gives dirt the push," I quoted.

"Well, anyway," said my wife, "see if you can get me some."

"Whoosh?"

"No. Swish."

"And if they haven't got any?"

"Then see if you can get Slosh."

"You're sure you don't mean Gush?"

"No. Slosh."

I picked up the shopping basket

and made for the door. "Slosh it is, then."

I was well down the road when my wife opened the sitting-room window and shouted "But only if you can't get Swish!"

There was the usual Saturday morning crowd at Rackstraw's grocery. It included old Colonel Leatherbarrow, carrying the converted bed-roll which he uses as a shopping basket, and a small man in carpet slippers who was a stranger to me.

There was any amount of Slosh in the shop. It towered in a great pyramid to the ceiling. Behind the counter there were odd outcrops of Whoosh. But apparently no Swish. I remarked on this to the man in carpet slippers.

The stranger sucked in his breath sharply.

"Swish?" he said. "Don't touch it. Take my tip—don't touch it."

"No!"

"No. Plays Old 'Arry with your hands. Look at mine." He held out a pair of well-weathered hands for my inspection. "Look at 'em," he said bitterly. "Used to be soft as a woman's. Washed a couple of shirts in Swish and now look. Red raw. That's Swish for you."

"Say that again, sir!"

It was the Colonel. His eyes held an ugly glint.

The man in carpet slippers repeated what he had said. The Colonel snorted.

"Balderdash!" he said. "Swish leaves your hands petal-smooth and white as new snow. Read your advertisements, man!"

I left them to it and proceeded on my way to the counter. When I got there I found Rackstraw peering at me through an embrasure in a solid wall of Slosh. I hadn't the moral courage to ask for anything else.

The Colonel and the man in carpet slippers were still arguing as I left the shop. Apparently the Colonel had abandoned his advocacy of Swish and was now ranging over the whole field of washing powders, for I heard him mention two that were new to me. As far as I could gather they were called Pish and Tush.

6 6

MY LOVE AND I WENT MAYING

REEDS in the river gently swaying,
Sunlight that gilds the tree,
And my love and I went Maying,
Whatever Maying may be.

Wind in the willows softly blowing,
Lambs in the fields at play,
And my love and I not knowing
How to begin to May.

Foam on the weir and water hissing,
Ripples that talk in rhyme,
And my love and I were kissing,
For Maying's a waste of time.

R. P. LISTER

BOOKING OFFICE

Novels from Two Women

TF they knew what our creed meant, even the men in the mines would have none of it. But that fact is of no consequence. Our people are brave, stubborn, all the rest of it, but they are stupid. The masses are always stupid. They are nothing but a mass after all, a blundering animal mass with no more sense of direction than a bull in an arena who is tricked by the flick of a red cape. They can be tricked, the people, and they will be tricked."

So says the Communist leader in Miss Mary Borden's *For the Record*, a novel that describes with subtlety the abduction by the Soviet of a small Central European country. Most of us who read the papers are familiar with the pattern: Hitler's game played with a great deal more finesse. It is therefore the measure of Miss Borden's skill as a story-teller that although most of the events fall into an expected sequence they remain of absorbing interest. Her study of Soviet technique is penetrating, and those who still have a notion that Communism is no more than Socialism to the left should read this book for its admirably clear statement of the creeping evil by which the world is menaced. News items from Central Europe over the last few years document it only too thoroughly for anyone with a memory.

For the Record has none of the tediousness of the soap box; it is not propaganda, except in the sense that any objective analysis must have influence. Above all it is a novel, in which the characters are living people and not merely political pawns. The story is told in the first person by a twisted youth, a megalomaniac loathing humanity, who is planted as secretary by the Party on a prince back in his country after the war. The overtones of tradition in a man superficially a playboy baffle and exasperate the deadly earnest young anarchist, but he falls in love with the prince's American wife, and before the inevitable end he is on the prince's side and bitterly disillusioned by the cynicism of his own Party masters. All these characters are strongly drawn, and nothing in Miss Borden's fine novel is better than the sketch of a saintly old warrior-priest, who stands like a rock against the men from Moscow until broken down by the latest refinements of scientific torture.

Her style is lucid and terse. This cannot be said of Miss Kay Boyle, the American authoress of *His Human Majesty*, a novel about an army unit training in Colorado.

"It had been drawn into the light by the same power which extorts the white tendrils of plants out of the cleft darkness of the seed, the power, subtle and dexterous as the power in a sculptor's or a lover's hand, which gives buds their tentative shape in the bare kindling of winter-locked branches, draws sap like wine, at the right season, from root to trunk to bough. Like the breath of a woman's mouth, thought Fenington, rousing life in the deeply slumbering roots of man."

You may not believe it, but that is simply Miss Boyle's reaction to a skier meeting a bear. She is a puzzling writer, capable of passages of real beauty, as in her descriptions of the poetry of skiing, which I think are the best I have ever read; but also strangely unresistant to the lure of words, so that even a drunk man at large in a bathroom launches her into the purple. Irony she has, but not much humour. The theme of her novel is human loyalty, its conflict the shame of an upright man who has seduced his friend's wife. Up to a point Miss Boyle deals with this perceptively, but here again she overdoes it, and her treatment of the pent-up emotions of men in a remote camp is far too solemnly biological.

ERIC KEOWN

Academus

William Cory is remembered by one outstanding poem, "Heraclitus." It was "written for boys doing Farnaby"; and Farnaby was a text-book for lower forms at Eton. So unassuming was Cory's muse that "The Eton Boating Song" (his too) maintains its fame without him: a self-effacement which would have pleased the tender-hearted, eccentric humanist who found teaching in his old school "an abyss of drudgery" at the outset but ended with a consuming ardour for the



"We did long division and wise parenthood to-day, mum."

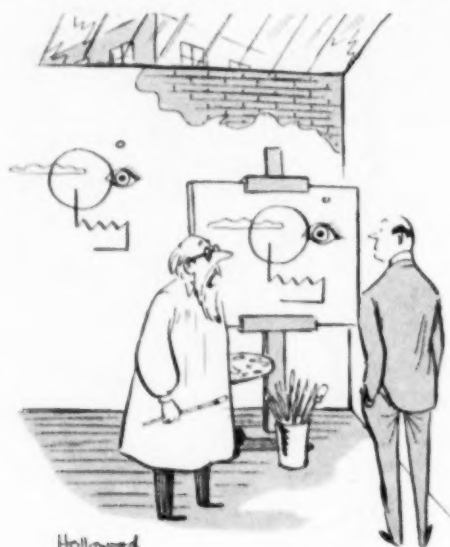
famous division that won sixteen firsts at Oxford and Cambridge. Cory left Eton, however, under a cloud, which Mrs. Compton Mackenzie's sensitive and accomplished biography does little to dissipate. She is Cory's great-niece; and it is quite enough for her, and for us, that Victorian parents and colleagues were unable to share her great-uncle's Pateresque susceptibility to boyish charm. He changed his name—it was originally Johnson; and found refreshment, like Ruskin and Von Hügel, in teaching responsive and charming girls, one of whom he married.

H. P. E.

Battles nearer Home

Experience of warfare, a wide reading in military history, imagination and a strong sense of probabilities have gone to the making of *The Battlefields of England*, wherein Colonel Alfred H. Burne has reconstructed a score of famous engagements—from Arthur's Badon to Monmouth's Sedgemoor—which were fought on English soil. His method has been to describe, with precision and decision, the conflict as in his view it is most likely to have shaped itself; and then to examine the evidence, discuss the problems involved, and expound his reasons for dissenting, as he quite often does, from the interpretations of previous historians. Much in this field can, as he admits and insists, be only matter of conjecture, but his conjectures are authoritative and carry conviction. A close attention to topography is what gives his book, with its lucid sketch-maps, its particular quality; for his primary purpose, which he has most adequately performed, was to provide a *vade-mecum* to the battlegrounds as they exist to-day.

F. B.



Holloway

"I, too, paint what I see."

Aftermath

Miss Rose Macaulay's *The World My Wilderness* is rather difficult to assess. It has a number of virtues which do not quite combine to make a satisfying novel but which certainly make the book worth reading. It is an essayist's ragbag of scenes, characters, quotations and sentiments, like the work of a homespun Aldous Huxley. Post-war bewilderment is reflected in two children brought up among the French Maquis and transferred to London, where, among the ruins of the City, they continue the fight against authority. There is an upright K.C., his clever, Bohemian first wife and her games-playing successor, the Bohemian's French husband, who had been a mild collaborator, and the various children of these marital complications. Some of the characters are sharply observed, others are stock figures. There are some good comic scenes, some carefully composed evocations of London as it is and as it was, and some rather pessimistic discussions about the decline of morals in all classes.

B. G. G. P.

Cricket Decoded

One way of learning to understand the English would be to study the evolution of our laws of cricket over the past two hundred years. Here, in Colonel Rait Kerr's excellent documentary, all those qualities which perplex and amuse, sometimes annoy and disgust, our foreign neighbours stand clearly revealed and annotated—our so-called genius for compromise and "muddling through," our ancient faith in a "balance of power," our innate conservatism and so on. At play, it seems, we are transparently ourselves. *The Laws of Cricket* takes us back to the dawn of the game, through the illustrious Hambledon period to the running chronicle of the M.C.C. (of which the author is secretary) and the revised code of 1947; from the laws of 1755—"If the Wicket is bowled down, it's out" and "If a Striker nips a Ball up just before him, he may fall before his Wicket"—to a section with the ominous title "Direct Attack." This is a first-rate addition to the literature of cricket.

A. B. H.

Books Reviewed Above

- For The Record.* Mary Borden. (Heinemann, 10/6)
His Human Majesty. Kay Boyle. (Faber, 12/6)
William Cory: An Autobiography. Faith Compton Mackenzie. (Constable, 21/-)
The Battlefields of England. Lt.-Colonel Alfred H. Burne, D.S.O. With a foreword by G. M. Trevelyan, O.M. (Methuen, 21/-)
The World My Wilderness. Rose Macaulay. (Collins, 8/6)
The Laws of Cricket: Their History and Growth. R. S. Rait Kerr. (Longmans, 12/6)

Other Recommended Books

- The Story of an Orchestra.* Boyd Neel. (Vox Mundi, 10/6)
 First-hand account of a remarkable achievement of musical private enterprise—the formation and career of the Boyd Neel String Orchestra; with some trenchant interpolations on the present state of music in Britain.
Everybody Always Tells. E. R. Punshon. (Gollancz, 9/-)
 Bobby Owen investigates a complicated murder in a mixed aristocratic and scientific setting. A brisk example of the older detective tradition.

THE RADIO DRAMATIST

XXVII

MANY radio dramatists, although expert technically, find that their powers of invention are unequal to sustaining as large an output as they could wish. To these I recommend a few experiments with radio work in connection with notable centenaries.

In this work it is of course very necessary to look ahead. Take the centenary of Aivas Dzali, the Turkish poet, who died A.D.950. Shall we attempt a play? It is too late. Already the author has sorted out the best of the qasidas and ghazels, and probably had them set to music. He has slipped across to Turkey to have a word with the poet's descendants and incorporated the material in his work. The Governors are working out the sound effects. In short, the work is practically finished.

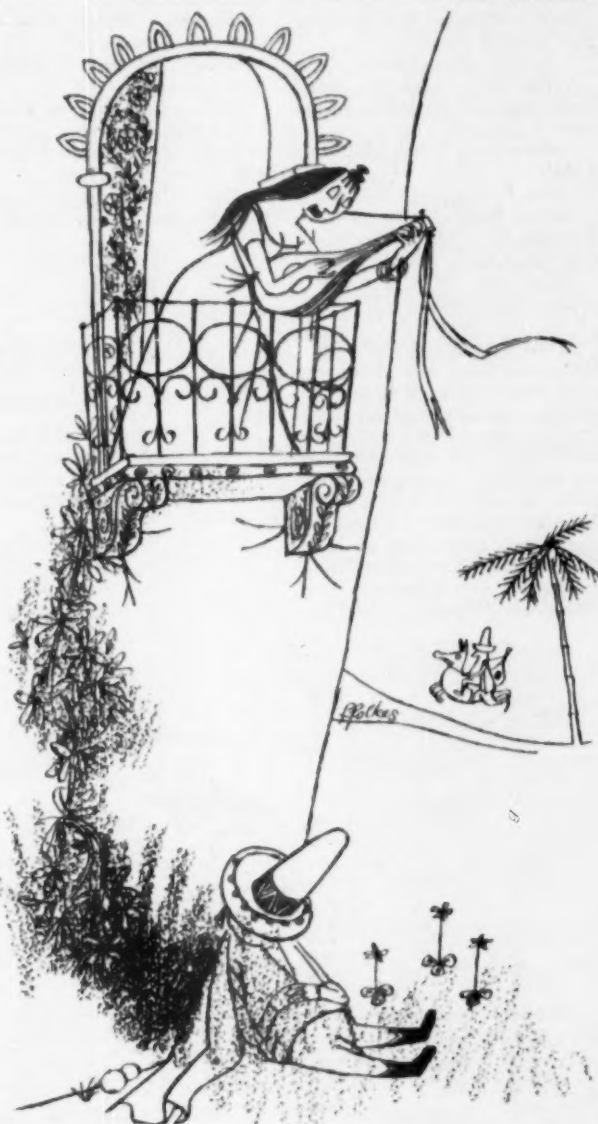
The thing to do is to select centenaries which fall in 1951 and after. A note should be sent to the Governors, brief and to the point, asking whether they are interested in, say, Henry Ireton's centenary, or perhaps Fenimore Cooper's. After about three weeks they will reply on a postcard, probably with a laconic, "Sorry" or "Carry on." This note, by the way, is usually initialled by a Governor, and will naturally be prized by the young dramatist.

Assuming that the reply is "Carry on," the writer will immediately plunge into his work. This can be divided into five main stages: treatment of material gathered from reference books; construction of a rough outline; collecting information from descendants; blocking in the outline; final elaborations. It is in the third stage that inexperienced writers often go wrong, since it is here that many of them make the fatal mistake of asking the Governors for money—"for entertainment of descendants," as a young friend of mine had the hardihood to put it. Nothing is more certain to antagonize the Governors. They are eager enough to reward good work, and, indeed, the successful writer is often bewildered and overwhelmed by an almost Oriental lavishness: never-

theless, they have their duty to the Corporation—an oath of some kind is taken—and they are not going to waste money in, for example, double brandies and sodas for William Laud's descendants—that would be in 2045, of course—when they have no means of telling whether the work will be handled with the

necessary skill. I have my own methods of tackling descendants, but space permits me to deal with only one aspect of the centenary play—the treatment of material gathered from works of reference.

Let us take the centenary of Leigh Hunt, which will be celebrated in 1950—time enough to



turn round in—and let us assume that we have had our "Carry on" from the Governors. The best plan at this stage is to select suitable passages from our reference books, using each as the basis for a fragment of dialogue, in this way:

"Hunt was a shy, nervous, sensitive lad, and far happier wandering about the fields with a chosen companion than in taking part in rough games."

(Sound of boyish voices)

First Voice. Look out, Hunt! Here comes a bull! Quick, up this tree!

Second Voice. I shall fall, I know I shall!

First Voice. Courage, Hunt!

Second Voice. You seem to know my name. Since you have saved my life, may I know yours?

First Voice. Well, as a matter of fact, it's—Byron.

(Music)

There are difficulties here, since Byron was lame, and about four years Hunt's junior. If we take ten as a likely age at which Hunt might have been chased by a bull Byron would then be six, rather young to act with such courage and resolution. Nevertheless, something like this must be included—I mean the unexpected introduction of some famous name, followed immediately by a burst of what might be called a "Greensleeves" type of music. Then

the incident brings in Byron's "Courage, Hunt!" which, as the reader will see, he repeats later in the play.

Hunt was imprisoned for libel. "Turning his cell and prison-yard into a little bower of flowers, he lived there for two years, receiving visits from Byron, Moore and other sympathetic friends."

Turnkey. What'll I do with these 'ere calceolarias?

Hunt. Put them—but who is this?

Byron. Good morning, Hunt! I hope I may add these nasturtiums to your bower? Moore is outside with a honeysuckle bush.

Hunt. Thank you, Byron, thank you! The long hours in this dreadful place—

Byron. Courage, Hunt!

(Music)

"He remained in Italy four years, a portion of which time he and his family spent under Lord Byron's roof, and the juxtaposition was attended by occasional jars."

Hunt. You are eating nothing, Byron. Ham and eggs? Beef?

Byron. In pity's name, Hunt, be silent! Hock and soda-water, for the love of heaven!

This is, I feel sure, the simplest stage of the work. Interrogation of descendants and others is quite a different thing, but it should be remembered that there are a good many men living to-day at the age of, say, ninety-five, who might well at four years old have exchanged a word or two with Hunt. A few minutes' talk with twenty or thirty of these is well worth while, even though it may yield no more than a page of dialogue.

T. S. WATT

CLOSE OF PLAY

THOUGH I knocked up no mammoth scores
And was no demon bowler
They kept me in the team, because
I'm handy with a roller.

But now the plague of Planners' Itch
Has stricken local cricket,
Our club's laid down a concrete pitch
And handed me my ticket.



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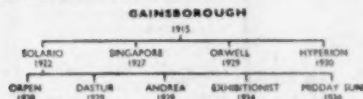
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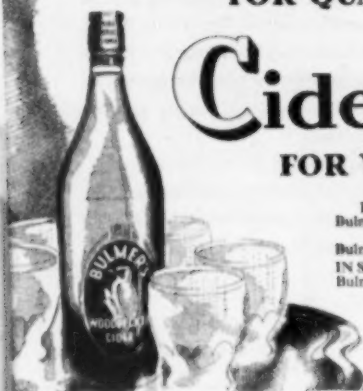
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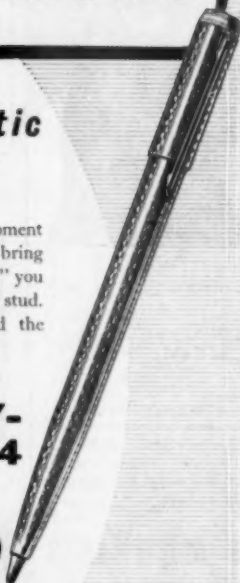
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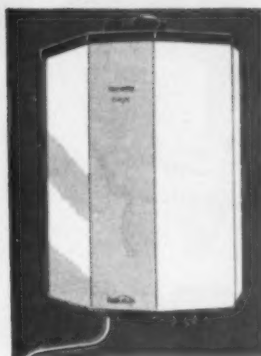
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Headache?

TAKE A COUPLE OF

ANADIN
TABLETS INSTEAD!



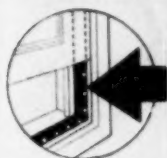
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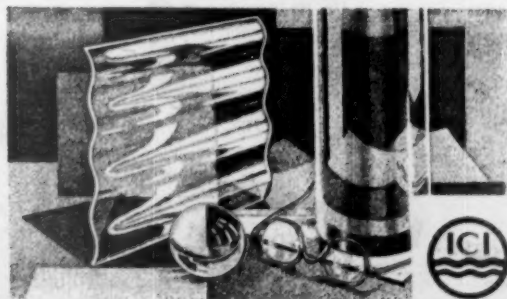
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St. Martin's special recipe captures the full flavour of Seville's sun-drenched oranges in the bitter-sweet taste of "Chunky" marmalade. It has that refreshing tang the palate longs for in the morning. Nature's own goodness is in

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—it's a
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of taste



Although the usual taste of stout is slightly bitter, Mackeson's seems to gain increasing favour with those who find its smooth richness a pleasant change—a heartening drink indeed when the long day's housework is over at last.



Try it,
and taste the difference!

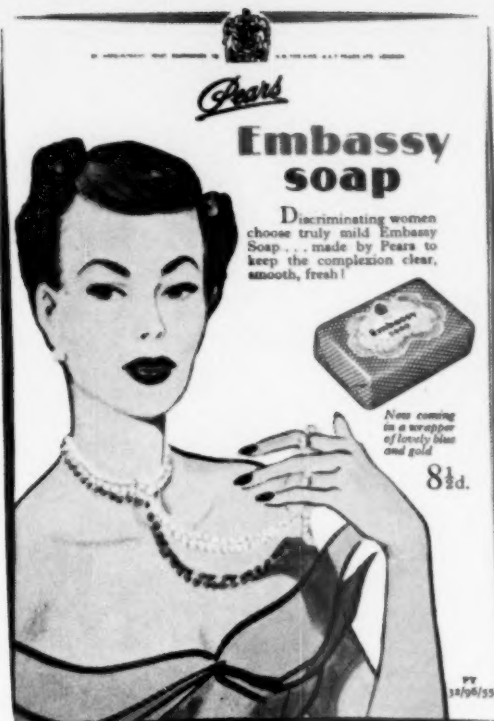
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SAME QUANTITY QUALITY
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